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TWELFTH NIGHT

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

EDITED

WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION

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SHAKSPERE
TWELFTH NIGHT
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WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

Longmans' English Classics

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INTRODUCTION

I. The Text and Date of the Play

The play of "Twelfth Night" belongs to the middle period of Shakspere's work and to the close of his interest in genuine comedy, after which, in the five or six years following, the dramatist devoted himself to the highest tragic themes. There is no quarto of the play extant — as the small early editions of the individual plays, printed in Shakspere's lifetime, are called — but the play was first published in the folio of 1623, the first collected edition of Shakspere's plays, made seven years after the poet's death, by his literary executors, John Heminge and Henry Condell. The text is in remarkably good condition, there being very few places where there can be any doubt or difficulty as to the correct reading. The present text is based upon that of the Cambridge Shakspere, edited by Mr. W. Aldis Wright.

The date usually assigned for the production of this play is the turning of the century, 1600–1, midway in the dramatist's career. The reasons for assigning this date are both negative and positive, partly derived from external circumstances and partly from internal evidence as to the subject and style of the play itself. Negatively, the play is not mentioned in a list named in 1598, by one Francis Meres, a graduate of Cambridge University, and a schoolmaster, who extols Shakspere, in a book of proverbial sayings and wise thoughts entitled "Palladis

Tamia," or Wit's Treasury, as the greatest man of letters in his day, and one of the greatest of all time. As proof of his assertion Meres gives the titles of twelve plays which he attributes to Shakspere — six tragedies and six comedies — and while his list is not exhaustive, yet the presumption is that so excellent and popular an example of the dramatist's art as "Twelfth Night" would have been named, if in existence and known at the time. It is altogether unlikely that the play was written as early as 1598.

On the other hand, the play cannot have been written later than the beginning of 1602. There was a performance of it on the evening of February 2, 1602, in the hall of the Middle Temple — a hall still in existence, alluded to in two of Shakspere's earlier historical plays, "I Henry VI" (II, iv, 3) and "I Henry IV" (III, iii, 223), and often described by travellers to London and others. The performance was witnessed among other members of the Inner Temple or Inn of Court by a certain barrister, John Manningham, and was described in a Diary which he kept from January, 1602, to April, 1603. The Ms. of this Diary, which was edited for the "Camden Society," is now in the British Museum, London. The entry, according to the reprint, runs thus: "Feb. 2. At our feast, wee had a play called Twelue Night, or What you Will, much like the Commedy of Errores, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practise in it to make the Steward beleeue his Lady widdowe was in loue with him, by counterfeyting a letter as from his Lady, in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparaile, etc., and then when he came to practise making him beleeue they tooke him to be mad."

There can be no doubt that it is Shakspere's play which is here described: both the title and the plot agree. The

slight discrepancy in calling Olivia a widow lady, whereas it was her brother she was mourning for, contains no real difficulty: the impression left on the theatre-goer would be much the same, and it may have, indeed, been so in an earlier version. Manningham saw the performance on Candlemas night, a feast accustomed to be celebrated by the law students with the presentation of a play. The play itself was well adapted to this purpose, and from its title must have been originally performed on "Twelfth Night," i. e., the twelfth night after Christmas, January 6, a feast devoted to games and revels, merrymaking, and theatrical performances. If this was the first season of the play, then January 6, 1602, would be a reasonable date for its first appearance; but it is more likely that it had been acted at the Globe Theatre at least one year, if not two years, before, and was now selected by the young lawyers from past report as especially suitable for their purpose. Still other reasons, its closeness in spirit to "Much Ado" and "As You Like It," plays assigned to 1599, immediately before it, would seem to place it in the following year, probably in the winter of 1600–1.

Other criteria either support this conclusion or are too vague to reject it. A reference to "cross-wooing" in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of His Humour" (III, i), a play acted in 1599, which has been surmised to have possible reference to "Twelfth Night," is too vague and uncertain to support an argument for even so slightly earlier a date. "The new map with the augmentation of the Indies" (III, ii, 86), long believed to refer to the map engraved for the English edition of "Linschoten's Voyages," in 1598, is now held to refer to the map of the world issued with "Hakluyt's Voyages" in 1599 or 1600, which first revealed the extent of the explorations and discoveries in the Indies, East and West. The reference to "Mistress

Mall's Picture" (I, iii, 133) cannot be determined with definiteness. There was probably more than one notorious woman with the name of "Mall" or Mary, and her identification with the heroine of Middleton and Dekker's "The Roaring Girl, or Moll Cut-Purse" (printed in 1611) is sheerly gratuitous.* The suggestion has also been made that the scene in which Malvolio is treated as possessed is further in ridicule of a Puritan practice of exorcism exposed in 1599 by Harsnet's tract, "A Discovery of the Fraudulent Practices of John Darrel." The reference can be by no means sure, but it contradicts in no way the date assigned.

A number of snatches or refrains of songs, evidently well known and popular at the time, are quoted in the play, by the song-loving Sir Toby and Clown; but their dates cannot be learned with sufficient accuracy to carry us far. The refrain, "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone" (II, iii, 108) is found in a Book of Airs, dated 1601. Of the other refrains, "Peg-a-Ramsey" has come down to us as a title; "Three merry men be we" was a popular burden adapted to several songs; "There dwelt a man in Babylon" is the beginning of an old ballad on the subject of Susannah; "Please one, and please all" is from another old song; and the jig of the clown at the end of the play is likewise quoted by the fool in "King Lear" (III, ii, 74–7). But none of these can help us to any

* The original of Middleton and Dekker's play was one Mary Frith, born 1584 (therefore only sixteen years old in 1600!) and dying in 1659, one year before the Restoration of Charles II. She is said to have left twenty pounds by will for Fleet-Street conduit (where the debtors' prison was) to run with wine when the King should return. Her biography was written in 1662, and there was an authentic portrait of her. In the old edition of Middleton and Dekker's play there was a woodcut representing Mall smoking a pipe of tobacco, the use of which had but lately been introduced.

nearer determination of the precise date. One or two may have slipped in at a later date than the original play, this popular feature growing in the continual performances; for, as already stated, the first edition of the play, doubtless based on a stage copy, was not published till 1623.

The verse tests and the characteristics of style in the play itself, the proportion of admixture of prose scenes with verse scenes, — which is also a marked feature of "Much Ado," — confirm the general impression as to the play being written in 1600, and produced in the winter of 1600–1.

II. The Sources of the Play

Shakspere was accustomed to take his material where he could find it. Particularly in the case of his romantic comedies, he had plenty of matter at his disposal in the number of stories told and collected in Southern Europe, and more especially in Italy, by numerous authors, from Boccaccio in the fourteenth century to his own day. The germ of the same story is frequently found to exist in various versions, with many divergencies of details. The particular form of the story as used by Shakspere cannot always be definitely determined: for he seems sometimes to have taken traits from this and details from that source as suited his fancy. Moreover, the great vogue of these stories in Italy, Spain, France, and finally in England, — for they passed slowly from the Mediterranean countries to those of Northern Europe,— and the very existence and fact of the collections, show a process in many ways different from our modern methods of dissemination. With our modern means of printing and distributing, a novel or story is published and usually becomes known only in this way; the act of publishing is the means and cause of the notoriety or fame. Formerly,

it may also have often been so; but frequently it could also have been just the reverse. The circumstance of a poem or a story being included in a collection could be because it was already well known and popular, and readers might wish to have it in definite and tangible form. It was still a day largely of oral tradition. Men lived and travelled leisurely, and told and heard good stories. We still have the merest shadow of it in the heterogeneous groups conversing and telling tales to while away the hours in the smoking-room of a Pullman car or ocean steamer. Old and familiar situations are repeated with more or less variation. These become old favorites, as still with children; and an enterprising collector or publisher would include in a new volume certain of these favorites, not as new but just because they were old and time-honored. Thus, the earliest publication or translation of a story — granting that we even have the earliest — is not always evidence that the story was not known and often told orally before.

In the case of "Twelfth Night" we have in its main plot a variation of a theme which was evidently popular. In its essence, though with numberless variations, it was told and printed in many languages and at different times; and yet it may well be open to doubt what particular version Shakspere used. It is just possible that he did not have "the book" before him at all, many men being still engaged in talking and listening in preference to errant reading. He may have heard the story told about the tavern table or elsewhere; he may have seen some crude play with similar content presented on some stage. Enough! he had the essentials, the outline of a plot, a suggestion of the names of one or two characters, and his own imagination could supply the rest. In the present instance, with this romantic background situated

in Illyria or other "nowhere" in some far-away country in Southern Europe, the poet repeats what he had just done the year before with "Much Ado," and had more than once done in earlier plays: he takes a romantic story, one almost impossible in itself, but possessing a charm withal; he not only treats this old material in a perfectly fresh and spirited manner, giving life to much that was before commonplace, absurd, and even contradictory, but he adds a comic underplot, thoroughly English in its conception, in the names of most of its characters, in its spirit and attitude, in the conditions and life portrayed, and in the accompanying noise and boisterousness — and there results a fresh and original creation. Shakspere is new and original in the treatment of his themes, and not always in the choice of them.

What are some of the versions of stories similar to "Twelfth Night" — i. e., what is the literary history of the main plot? The lawyer, Manningham, named one of these in his "Diary," "Inganni." There are at least three Italian plays with that or a very similar name:

1. "Gl' Inganni" (The Cheats), by Gonzaga, in 1592, in which a girl *Cesare* assumes man's attire. This play seems related to the actual source of "Twelfth Night," in so far as Shakspere adopts the name *Cesario* for Viola's disguise as page. But this resemblance is too slight, and there was hardly time for this particular version to become popularly known in Northern Europe and England by the time "Twelfth Night" was written.

2. Another Italian comedy, with the same name, "Gi' Inganni," by Niccolo Secco, was printed in 1561, and seems to be based upon the third play named below; but neither of these first two plays is sufficiently near the details of Shakspere's plot to be accepted as anything more than related to the source.

3. A third play with similar title, "Gl' Ingannati" (The Deceived), produced some time after 1527, comes much nearer Shakspere's plot in many incidents and minor details, among these being the suggestive names of *Malevolti* and *Fabio*. Written so early in the sixteenth century, its story had opportunity to become known and penetrate other lands. In France it was translated by François Juste, under the title of "Les Abusés." In Spain Rueda's "Comedia de los Engaños" was founded upon it. It must have been talked about in theatrical circles, and the story made known in England either orally or in some book form we no longer have. It has been lately discovered that a Latin version, based upon the Italian play, with the name *Lelia* (as the heroine is called), was given at Queen's College, Cambridge, in 1590, and was revived in 1598. Perhaps we need seek no further than this for the source of the play. Shakspere knew enough Latin to follow a public performance, and at any rate could have got the plot and numerous points from the general discussion of it in theatrical circles.

A related story is told by Italian, French, and English story collectors. The Italian, Cinthio, had the germ of the plot in his collection of stories, "Hecatommithi," in 1565: twins, a brother and a sister, were shipwrecked, the sister serving her master in disguise, and being taken for her brother. Any further resemblance is slight. But in the collection of another Italian, Bandello, in 1554 — a collection which also contains the source, or at least a story related to the source, of "Much Ado"— there is a story more closely related to the play, "Gl' Ingannati," a similar story of disguise, resemblance, and love, but still far enough from Shakspere's plot. After a period of forty years, in 1594, Bandello's story got turned

into French in Belleforest's "Histoires Tragiques," and in every probability soon crossed the channel and became known in England. An English version of a related story based upon disguise, resemblance, mistake, and love, is Barnabe Rich's "Historie of Apolonius and Silla," in his collection of tales, his "Farewell to Militarie Profession," in 1581; but it is merely related, that is all.

All this merely proves the popularity of the fundamental facts of the story, accepted as common property: "a woman serving her lover in the disguise of a page, and pleading his cause with her rival, who falls in love with her." Numbers of versions, as we see, found their way into print; there were others doubtless purely oral. It has been generally supposed that Rich's tale, being in English, was necessarily Shakspere's sole authority, a view upheld by Mr. Sidney Lee in his authoritative biography of the dramatist. But in accordance with the above argument this seems more than doubtful. The veteran American Shakspere scholar, Dr. Furness, has roundly protested: "Let nothing induce us to contaminate the spotless Viola and the haughty Olivia, by the remotest hint of a kinship with the weak Silla and the brazen Julina." Whatever the precise source, "Twelfth Night," as we have it and know it, with its interweaving of plots, its portrayals of character, its humors and its joyousness, and the wilful sadness of the tender romance of the old plot, bears Shakspere's impress throughout.

The preceding speculations have reference chiefly to the main plot treating Sebastian and Viola, Orsino and Olivia — the brother and the sister, the Duke and the Lady. The comic underplot with its characters, together with many of the names, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Maria, — which saves the romance from cloying with too much sadness and sweetness, — are

thoroughly English and Shakspere's own, just as much so as the characters of Dogberry and Verges and their ilk, and even the gifted pair, Beatrice and Benedick, in "Much Ado." Malvolio's, Fabian's, and the Clown's names may have a foreign source, but their treatment and characterization is as English as their associates of the underplot. It is the common combination, as old as "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," of a comic native English sub-plot, interwoven with a main Italian or Southern romantic tale.

The lawyer Manningham had not only mentioned the similarity to the Italian play, "Gl' Inganni;" he had been struck with the resemblance of the plot to Shakspere's early play, the "Comedy of Errors," and the source of the latter, Plautus' "Menechmi." The shipwreck and the separate rescue of members of the same family, Shakspere had found use for before in the "Comedy of Errors" — something repeated, with a difference, in the storms in "Pericles" and "The Tempest." Other points of agreement with the "Comedy of Errors" might be carried into detail. There two twin brothers are mistaken one for the other; here a brother, and a sister disguised as a young man. There the servant of one brother meets the second brother, and taking the latter for his master, rebukes the supposed master for the pretence of not knowing him and not receiving his message; here the general situation and the Clown's words and attitude to Sebastian, mistaken for the page, his sister, while freer in tone, are much the same. In both an agreement in the nature of a business arrangement is followed by an arrest, the supposed friend seemingly being shamefully indifferent. There the father pathetically upbraids the wrong son for denying him at the time of his need; here Antonio, the seaman, overwhelms his supposed friend,

Sebastian, with reproaches. In both the absent double coming on the stage near the close causes similar astonishment and quickly resolves all dramatic perplexities. There is one other point of purely external contact between the two plays: the "Comedy of Errors" was "played by the players," December, 1594, at Christmas time, in the Hall of Gray's Inn, before the young lawyers; "Twelfth Night," five or six years later, was represented before a similar audience on a similar occasion, Candlemas, in the Hall of the Middle Temple. We are reminded, too, of the confusions in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but these are due to entirely different causes and situations.

But "Twelfth Night," probably the latest of Shakspere's fun-loving comedies, has points of resemblance with others of the comedies that preceded it. With lordly indifference Shakspere rather liked repeating a favorite situation, inasmuch as it always gave an opportunity of differing with and improving upon himself. He seemed to think and feel that he had had a good thought or fancy, and now could do even more with it. A striking example of this is in this play, where the remarkable and often quoted figure, "like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief" (II, iv, 116–7) was repeated in "Pericles" with the more striking words: "Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling extremity out of act" (V, i, 139–140).

The points of resemblance with the early plays lie chiefly in similar situations treated differently. In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Julia, disguised as page, in service of her lover, carries a message from him to her rival; in "Twelfth Night," Viola, disguised as page in the service of the Duke, is sent upon a similar mission to Olivia. But there all similarity ends: Julia rebukes the faithlessness of her lover; Viola is absolutely faithful to

the man she loves in every point of her commission, and her womanly heart warms even out of sympathy for her beautiful, yet sorrowful, rival.

In "Love's Labour's Lost" there is an admirable scene of concealment amid the branches, or behind the shelter, of a tree in the park, when the fatuousness of each lover is overheard, and played upon; in "Much Ado" Benedick and Beatrice, each concealed in turn in the arbor within the orchard, by overhearing certain words are deceived through a clever trick; in "Twelfth Night," Sir Toby, Maria, and the rest, concealed behind the shrubbery of the box-tree in the garden, watch and overhear Malvolio as he is caught in the cunningly laid snare.

The disguise of the woman as boy or page or young man has prototypes in Julia in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," in Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," in Rosalind in "As you Like It"; and is followed later by Imogen in "Cymbeline."

Viola's reply to Olivia, who has fallen in love with her owing to her disguise as an attractive young man of family and breeding, "I have one heart. . . And that no woman has" (III, i, 165–6), is similar to Rosalind's declaration in "As You Like It," "And I for no woman" (V, iv, 94, 99), and her assurance to Phebe, who is suffering in the same way, "I will marry you, if ever I marry woman."

Particularly the three comedies of "Much Ado," "As You Like It," and "Twelfth Night," belonging to the same period of Shakspere's genius and attitude towards life, go together in their deft union of high-spirited fun and romantic sentiment. Just as in the comic underplot of Dogberry and Verges in "Much Ado," the blundering constables and officers of the watch stumble upon the solution of the perplexity concealed from wiser heads, in

"Twelfth Night" the stupid Sir Andrew's attempt at duelling is the means of bringing to light the real Sebastian and hastens the resolution. More especially "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night" are classed together in name and sentiment. The clowns Touchstone and Feste, the heroines Rosalind and Viola, may be easily compared yet clearly differentiated. Touchstone is the most philosophical, Feste the most musical of clowns. In all three plays of this class the lyric note is struck, but in none does it so dominate as in "Twelfth Night."

Sir Toby's relations with Sir Andrew, who is made a butt of and is relieved even of his horse, recall Falstaff's Glouscesterhire days in "II Henry IV" with Justice Shallow, who delights in thinking he is cutting a figure in fast company, and is easily cozened out of his money. Both the fat knight and Sir Toby guzzle, but there is no comparison; Falstaff in his tavern scenes displays genius, while Sir Toby is always hopelessly half drunk.

Finally, Viola's reproach to Olivia (I, v, 253-5),

> "Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
> If you will lead these graces to the grave
> And leave the world no copy,"

repeats one of the themes of several of the early "Sonnets" wherein Shakspere urges his friend to marry.

III. The Structure and Characteristics of the Play

As has already been indicated, the structure of "Twelfth Night," as of others of Shakspere's plays, consists of a romantic love story, seemingly from some ultimate Italian source, as main plot, combined with a sub-plot realistically portraying characters from contemporary English life. The modification of a so-called comedy of

sentiment or "intrigue," having for its subject the complications and conflicts between separate loves, complications which are at length smoothed out, is united with a comedy of "character," where humorous weaknesses and mistakes are exposed. In the love story Duke Orsino thinks he is in love with Olivia; Olivia thinks she is in love with the page; Viola, the page in disguise, is in love with the Duke. Slightly attached to these complexities of love, and serving as a merry contrast to this history, are both the self-love of Malvolio with the seeming (to his deceived imagination) love of Lady Olivia for him, and Maria's evident setting her cap for Sir Toby. The happy appearance of Sebastian conveniently provides a husband for Olivia, and brings about the awakening of the Duke to Viola's faithfulness and charms and the realization of her love.

The principal scenes alternate between the Duke's palace and Lady Olivia's. Unity is secured by the movements of Viola, as page and messenger, and the freedom and the voice of the clown, which connect the two parts — the romantic atmosphere of the one and the scenes of crass realism of the other. The Clown can sing a melancholy love-song to soothe the spirit of the Duke; he can engage in sophistry in the form of a syllogism, with his mistress, the Lady Olivia; he can engage in Sir Toby's revels with noisy snatches; and he can enter into the spirit of the hoax and "exorcise" Malvolio. Viola, disguised as page, passes from the Duke's household to Olivia's, and so becomes exposed to the spirit of practical joking, which animates Sir Toby and his companions, and of which Malvolio and Sir Andrew are conspicuous victims — the joke being turned against the jokers with a vengeance by Sebastian's fortunate appearance. This little by-plot, seemingly unimportant and casually thrust

in, really serves to bring about the resolution of the whole. Not only Sir Andrew, but Sir Toby, gets his head broke, as he deserves, Olivia gets a husband, Viola recovers her brother and wins the Duke, Maria runs off with Sir Toby, Malvolio is liberated, and the curtain falls to the notes of a nonchalant song by the ever singing clown — who might fittingly be termed the "chorus" of the play. All is simply, but skilfully, contrived

The play is surprisingly free from grossness, considering the great license permitted dramatists in Elizabeth's day, and from which Shakspere is by no means free in his plays in the repartee of clowns and courtiers. What little there is in this play naturally falls in the coarser scenes about Sir Toby. Maria's high spirits indulge in some freedom of speech, at the beginning, but this soon alters in the presence of the wholly sound characters of Viola and Olivia; Maria is at once put to rout by Viola's retort, becomes more decorous as is fitting her position, which seems to be that of an intimate friend of the family and companion to my lady, and in the end she is Sir Toby's wife.

Affectations of speech, so much satirized in Shakspere's earliest comedy, "Love's Labour's Lost," and observed in other later comedies, still find expression in this play, and furnish food for absurd comment. Sir Toby takes delight in using words that Sir Andrew cannot understand; the clown revels in wordiness; and the affectation of Viola as Orsino's "nuntio," is entirely different from her personal tone. Shakspere preserved to the last his love for a verbal quibble, particularly noticeable in all his clown scenes, and always affording amusement to a mixed audience. The affectations were a natural accompaniment of the linguistic and literary revival in the Age of the New Learning and the Renaissance, the mere joy

of coining new words and playing on double and treble meanings.

The parts of the women characters were played by boys, just as choir boys in our churches to-day often take the place of sopranos. But nowhere would one suspect this in Shakspere's delightful creations of women. A large opportunity was open to these boy actors; and in the case of a disguise such as Viola's, a boy had the difficult rôle of pretending to be what he was not — a young woman who in turn was affecting by disguise to be a young man — a sort of double somersault, if we can think of the Elizabethan stage being thus subtle, which is doubtful. It was merely following a custom, women not appearing on the stage until the advent of French manners with the reopening of the theatres at the time of the Restoration of Charles II.

There is some evidence of "double time" in "Twelfth Night," certainly of confusion of time. Viola has been with the Duke "but three days" (I, iv, 3), yet the logical demands of the situation require more, and but a day or two later the Duke, expressing this feeling which the audience must have, asserts, "Three months this youth hath tended upon me" (V, i, 100). In many dramas this impression of a double time or contradictory time obtrudes itself. To be portrayed on the stage the action must be rapid, and ostensibly but a short time is occupied by the action; the action, however, must be probable and logical, and in real life more time than that assigned would be needed for such a succession of events. Thus there comes to the mind of the beholder or reader the impression of a much longer time than an analysis of the statements in the plot would warrant, and this impression is emphasized if loose and even contradictory time references slip in. We enter upon the enchantment of the

rapid action on the stage, feel as convinced as if times and seasons entered into the judgment, and accept the spirit even of anachronisms here and there.

Some of the apparent looseness in verbal statement may be due to the rapid writing of the piece — an impression left, as in the case of "Macbeth," which seems to have been thrown off at a white heat. Busied with many plays and many interests at the turn of the century, Shakspere could not have spent a very long time upon the play. This may account for the repetition and fresh use of old material and incidents. This may account, too, for the indifferent interchange of the titles, "Duke" and "Count," — unless this be merely an instance of the carelessness of actors or printers in the years that elapsed before publication. Why should *Malvolio* have been the cause of the imprisonment of the ship's captain, who had rescued Viola and kept her "maid's garments?" Was it to leave an impression on the audience that somehow Malvolio deserved his rough treatment? — for we are told by the roisterers at Olivia's house that he was a talebearer.

The supposed recognition of a personal note from Shakspere, in the Duke's semi-confidence to his page (II, iv, 29–39), upon which many have built an argument as to the unhappiness of his marriage to a woman "elder than" himself, is more than likely to be purely fanciful. This passage, taken in conjunction with another in the course of the same conversation a little later (II, iv, 95–105), in which Orsino contradicts point-blank his preceding general statement in the comparison of the nature of man's and woman's love, when applied specifically to himself, is necessary for the complete revelation of the Duke's character. The Duke suffers from a too great obtrusion of self into all his thoughts and acts, which

blinds his judgment and makes him both moody and wilful.

IV. The Characters of the Play

A few words will suffice for the characters, which are further discussed in the notes. Is Viola unwomanly? — is a question which could be asked only superficially. She is in every way womanly; her little weaknesses are those of a woman, as are her great strength and truth. She is interested from the first in Orsino's name — she has heard of him already — and for better protection she decides to engage herself in his service as a page. The rest follows: she is in his service and she loves him. She is naturally envious of Olivia's hold on the Duke's imagination (for she soon finds out it is not his heart), yet she is entirely faithful to her task and seeks to win Olivia's favor for the Duke. Her womanly sympathy truly goes out to her rival in knowing of her grief at the loss of her brother (she is thinking, too, of her own loss), and she can honestly praise the face that woman-like she was, nevertheless, curious to scan. When Olivia sends Malvolio after her with the ring, she shields her sister-woman before the messenger, and protects her, too, before the estimation of the Duke — she does not tell. It is all admirably done, and it is all pretty. In that she tells the Duke her love by indirect ways, he not suspecting it, she is no whit behind others of Shakspere's heroines, and it may not be imputed as lack of modesty. It has the added merit of heightening the dramatic effect and increasing the enjoyment of the audience and assisting in the resolution of the plot. The audience knows from the beginning what the Duke cannot suspect — what Olivia, and Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, too, in the matter of the practical joking, cannot suspect — and enjoys this

point of vantage. It is a device of the stage, an illusion as old as the art of acting, and one of the fundamental principles of successful comedy. For we must never forget that the dramatist's creations were intended to be acted, and we should not lose sight of their art form as integral to any discussion of character. The play is a true comedy — in the complications created by Viola's disguise. It is comedy — that she is forced to fight, and that yet another fights in her stead. It is comedy — that all ends well.

Olivia is outwardly a more dignified character and more distant, seemingly less lovable and certainly with less charm, yet warm and impulsive when moved, very womanly and very attractive as we study her more closely. An overmastering grief gives place to an overwhelming impulsive love for Viola, which is realized in the brother, Sebastian. Yet Olivia is calm and firm and decisive in her actions in regard to her love. This love at first sight is hasty, as the marriage is; but Olivia sees from the first that Viola is of good family and possessed of culture; moreover, it is a stage play, and on the stage such rapid changes must come quickly, if they come at all.

Duke Orsino is of a melancholy temperament, as much a victim of fashionable and imaginary love as any young Romeo for a nondescript Rosaline. His melancholy finds nourishment in a love for music, a note struck in the opening line of the play: "If music be the food of love, play on." This is mere yielding to and gratifying his emotions. Being crossed in his impulse and desires incites him the more and spurs him on. He does not care for Olivia for herself — he is self-engrossed, and the blow to his pride later finds vent in his wish to punish both Olivia and his page for their presumption, as affecting

him. In his undue and unconscious emphasis on self he is as weak and as liable to stumble as a very different character, Malvolio, in his extreme self-love. The Duke can apply to others beautiful theories as to men and women in general, with total lack of application of these principles to himself, the great exception and paragon, in his own estimation. The miracle that is wrought at last is that the wit and charm of Viola, suddenly revealed in all its fulness and richness, move him as he has never been moved before — and for once he is carried out of self.

Sebastian is needful for the plot. He comes in at the right moment to take over Viola's fencing bout with Sir Andrew and Sir Toby upon himself, and to play the part of bridegroom, which Viola has also unconsciously prepared for him. Even though the brother and the sister were so far alike in features and facial expression as to be mistaken for each other, despite the charm of the play we cannot help wondering for a moment just how Viola's borrowed youth's clothes should chance to be so precisely in color and cut like those of the wrecked Sebastian. But we must not press our dramatist's resources too far — this part of the plot was not his, any more than Shylock's exacting the pound of flesh — the dramatist borrowed it from a respectable antiquity, and it was his task not to destroy but to increase the charm.

Maria is not to be conceived as a house-girl; she is cultivated and a lady born, perhaps a poor relative and dependent of the family, and with an eye to the main chance she gets Sir Toby for her husband. Let us hope both that she manages him, as she doubtless does, gifted with so much ingenuity, and, a much greater task, that she succeeds in keeping him sober. She is lively and sprightly, quick to get fun out of a situation, and to

invent the means for more fun; she is a good manager for her lady, doubtless, and with it, also, abundantly knows how to look after herself.

The very name of Sir Toby Belch implies an unfortunate love of potations, and in the play he is usually the worse for the practice. His words and expressions must not, therefore, be treated as too precise matter for logical thought; yet, as Shakspere wrote them, they were intended to convey some meaning, though usually a comical and exaggerated one. Sir Toby is a born gentleman, though he is sadly fallen, and gets drunk as a lord — knight that he is. His honest ss prejudices assert themselves in his rooted objections to Puritans, and in his indignation at Malvolio's presumptuous airs. A country gentleman, he has the love of his sort for his dogs and horses, and all his favorite epithets and comparisons come from this one subject he is really an adept in. An offset to the clown, he gives as much opportunity for verbal quibbling as is commonly associated with the clownish character.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek is a fool and a gull. Sir Toby lives off him — gets dinners, wine, all at his expense, and finally even cozens him of his horse. He is weakly and absurdly imitative; he has followed after the sports and practices of the giddy empty-pated youth of his day; and in his insufferable egotism every situation of another reminds him of some foolish experience or thought of his own. He would be very tiresome, were he not so absurd.

Feste is a musical clown, an adept in the art of singing when song and singing were among the chief glories of English literature and life. He passes from Olivia's house to the Duke's on the same easy and intimate terms with every person in the play, and is the chief bond which brings all together. He is metaphysically subtle, as all

of Shakspere's clowns, but he lacks the positive genius and convincingness of Touchstone in "As You Like It." He is smart rather than lovable, not a true philosopher of life like Touchstone, only a wielder of words intended to confuse and bewilder and ridicule. But his singing is even more a part of him than his syllogizing, and the last notes of the play which are heard come from his voice, singing a snatch, as he leaves the stage.

Malvolio, while the object of ridicule, is not wholly absurd; it is only his miserable misadventure which is ridiculous. He is efficient in his duties as steward; but as his Lady Olivia, who perhaps knows him best, says, he is "sick of self-love," and not only forgets his office of steward but ordinary human sympathies and feelings. Each of the minor characters has a grievance against Malvolio. He is accused, rightly or wrongly, as a tale-bearer; for no very apparent reason it is at his suit that Viola's friend, the sea-captain, is imprisoned; in his dreams of self-advancement he becomes ill-tempered, unsympathetic, and unjust in the daily little matters of intercourse with others. Without specifying too narrowly, a feeling of unnaturalness and prejudice is conveyed to the audience, which is on the lookout for some sort of dramatic retribution, and this poetic justice is satisfied. The audience sees only the laughable side of the situation, the prisoner is released before matters grow tragic, and while Malvolio, brought down with a thump to his senses and the realities of life, leaves the stage fuming, he is at once forgotten in the general happiness of the resolution and ending.

How far Malvolio represents Puritan practice, and how far Shakspere intended through him to ridicule the Puritans as a class, is a vexed point of controversy. Whatever views may be entertained, surely it is only the

excesses and absurdities incident upon practice, and not a creed and belief in itself, nor even conduct, that Shakspere attacks. Sir Toby, as a country squire and good Tory, naturally denounces roundly the Puritans as a body. But Maria, who is not lacking in wit and discernment, says of Malvolio, "sometimes he is a kind of puritan," but not even this long: "The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser." These are opinions that go with the characters expressing them. Shakspere is so great because he is one of the most objective of writers. He is bent only on portraying a character or a situation; he does not obtrude himself; he does not take sides. He laughs at manifestations that are thrust forward, but he has a large tolerance of life, and, in judging his work, we should have no less. The dramatist in himself is not inveighing against anything and anybody; he is portraying an instance of practical joking on a foolish fellow, together with a deal of practical good sense, both essentially Anglo-Saxon characteristics. The chief fact about the play is the high spirits and broad sense of fun that find expression in an atmosphere of romantic sentiment and womanly truth and dignity; and we should not in turn be too far "Puritans" ourselves, and refuse our meed of a smile and applause.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

A book intended more for thoughtful and enjoyable reading than for minute study does not need any very great number of suggestions to the intelligent and experienced teacher, nor even to the interested pupil. Both teachers and pupils may by this time well be supposed to be acquainted with and understand the principles and methods of instruction and study and examination set by the various Associations of Schools and Colleges in different parts of the United States and now practised by all the better sort of American colleges and schools. Whether any two teachers have ever quite agreed as to matters of detail, still all would doubtless concede that it is a matter of prime importance to keep a class stimulated and alive, and prevent its work from becoming wooden and mechanical. The theory, at least, of work in English literature is that here, if anywhere, owing to its very material, this may be done. It were pity, if just here of all places we should fail.

First of all it is to be remembered that the book is a work of literature, an art form, a work of the creative imagination, using words as the medium of expression and representation, formulated in poetic diction with the design to satisfy the craving for higher and more subtle artistic form, as well as to give more obvious pleasure in witnessing or following the unravelling of a plot. Secondly, it is specifically a play, written originally to be acted, then presented for its literary form, but even now

to be read with its original purpose in view. Acted, as we have seen, by a group of law students and young lawyers in February, 1602, the play is still often acted by the students of our colleges and schools and is still found under the same circumstances to be enjoyable after more than three hundred years. Due regard must, therefore, be had to the structure of the play, its division into acts and scenes, and, further, to the development of the plot by means of these acts and scenes, and to the expression and portrayal of the characters. A good way sometimes to bring out this feeling of individuality in the characters is by dividing the parts among a class for reading, having, even if in no more than a single act, one pupil for the time completely identified with a certain character. This has been known to give a consciousness of individual characteristics as hardly anything else can. Every teacher, however, will have his own method of accomplishing this result.

But the play is literature, a romance in nowhere. It is to be enjoyed, enjoyed heartily. How else literature can be enjoyed by the young, apart from constant practice in reading amounting to a habit, would be hard to say. We wish more readers, wider readers of good things, among our pupils. If we can get the pupil to form this *habit* of reading, not only the assigned books but good outside ones for himself if possible — get him to talk about this reading, and to write about it — maybe in time he will both read and not be ashamed to talk and write naturally of what he has read. This purpose is what is hinted at in the much wider list of books assigned for reading for entrance to college — a list by no means intended to be final or to take the place of further suggestions of any intelligent teacher or a widening of experience on the part of a pupil. In the very variety it

is hoped that teachers and pupils both will be able to find something in every epoch and of each sort interesting and vital.

With all reading there should come in time the sense for style, the feeling for distinction of form and manner, in addition to the proper understanding of the content, the charm of the particular way in which that something is done and said, the growing feeling of pleasure and delight, of satisfaction and success. In this particular play, in the contrasts and adventures of Viola and Olivia particularly, the presence of style may be found. The very ease of the play shows its mastery over mere details and difficulties. What has Shaksperian comedy that we do not find elsewhere? Let us try to find it for ourselves; whether we can tell just wherein it consists or not, let us recognize it for ourselves and also endeavor to get our pupils to see it.

Again, the world of make-believe is a very legitimate world, although it may be frankly confessed it is not the only one. Twelfth Night revels and pleasantries are not for every mood, but surely something would be wanting in ourselves if we could not find the mood wherein they are congenial; and to youth this should be still easier. Rightly appreciated and applied, literature may be made to enlarge our sympathies, and by this means, too, as by others, to build up a higher self. Then a feeling for the lyrical quality — the sense for song — may be gained from this play, and pursued further in a good collection like Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," or Professor Schelling's "Elizabethan Lyrics."

But to come back. How to teach literature? How to study literature? Who has answered these questions? Who can answer them? And yet what genuine reader but what has answered them for himself; and what en-

thusiastic and interested teacher, after so reading, but what would wish to have his pupils get out for themselves all they can, and then add to their knowledge what he himself has unearthed in this quarry. To any teacher it may be said, Read the play yourself over carefully once more, come to your class fresh from it and alive with it (for any hazy remembrance or vague recollection of the notes of others will never do), and with this fresh impression draw from the class orally the best idea they have obtained, and perhaps later in written form as theme or composition, and give them the best thoughts you have. If there is time, a further reading and comparison of others of Shakspere's comedies, such as "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," will give a better grasp on the spirit of Shaksperian comedy, both its method and its style.

It is hazardous to name any reference books on Shakspere, where there are libraries full. The one or two named here are designed as helpful for school-work. Dowden's "Shakspere Primer" still remains in feeling and in form the best introduction to a study of the dramatist's plays, even if here and there in a few facts it has to be corrected and supplemented by Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakspere." For interpretative power and judicious sympathy Dowden's larger work, "Shakspere: His Mind and Art," is to be commended. If a special grammar of Shakspere's language and a special dictionary of Shakspere's usage be asked for, a translation of Franz's "Shakspere Grammar" embodies the later views, and there is a new edition of Schmidt's "Shakspere Lexicon" in two volumes. In lieu of these it will be found that most good recent dictionaries like the "Century" abound in explanations and illustrations of Shaksperian words and idioms.

Above all, a good edition of the Complete Works of Shakspere — and there are several practicable ones now in the market — used by following Dowden's "Primer" as a guide, will be very helpful. Later on, for special study at college and university, any number of special works will be referred to by the instructor in charge, and will be found in the college or university library. Meanwhile the student will have become acquainted with his Shakspere personally and directly as literature, which is the great consideration. At his present stage, to name and use many reference books would be sheer pedantry, and block the way to that something more needful — a wider and more appreciative and sympathetic acquaintance with Shakspere's plays and with other works in literature for themselves.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

[The date of composition of most of the plays and poems that follow is disputed. For this reason in most cases only the date of publication is given. For a discussion of the probable dates of composition, see Dowden, *Shakspere Primer*.]

SHAKSPERE'S LIFE	WORKS (UP TO 1600)	ENGLISH LITERATURE	HISTORY
1564. April 26. Baptized at Stratford-on-Avon.		1579. Lyly's Endymion; Lyly's other plays 1579–91.	1553. Lyly born (between October 8 and January, 1554).
		1580–91. Peele's plays (Arraignment of Paris, David and Bethsabe, etc.).	
1582. November 28. Married Anne Hathaway.		1582. Watson's Hekatompathia (his so-called sonnets).	
		1585–92. Kyd's plays (probably the original of Hamlet, which is lost, The Spanish Tragedy, Soliman and Perseda, etc.).	
1592. By the middle of this year a recognized playwright in London.		1587–93. Marlowe's plays (Tamburlaine, Dr. Faustus, Jew of Malta, Edward II, etc.).	1592. Greene died.
	1593. Venus and Adonis (poem) published.	1588–93. Greene's plays (Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, James IV, etc.).	1593. Marlowe died.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE—*Continued*

Shakspere's Life	Works (up to 1600)	English Literature	History
		1591. Sidney's Astrophel and Stella. Other sonnet collections by Daniel, Constable, Barnes, Watson, Lodge, Drayton, Percy, Barnfield, Spenser, Davies, Linche, Griffin, Smith, Tofte, etc., 1592-97.	
1594. By this year a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company.	1594. Rape of Lucrece (poem) published; Comedy of Errors acted.		
		1596. Spenser's Faëry Queen, Books IV to VI.	
	1597. Romeo and Juliet, Richard II, and Richard III published; Love's Labour's Lost acted.	1597. Bacon's Essays.	
	1598. Before this year Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labour's Won, and King John were acted. Henry IV (first part) published.	1598. Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour acted; Shakspere appeared in it.	

SHAKSPERE'S LIFE	WORKS (UP TO 1600)	ENGLISH LITERATURE	HISTORY
1599. Became a sharer in the newly built Globe Theatre.	1599. Two sonnets and some poems from Love's Labour's Lost published with the work of others in Passionate Pilgrim. All the contents are sometimes assigned to Shakspere.	1599. Jonson, Every Man out of his Humour.	1599. Spenser died.
	1600. Titus Andronicus, Much Ado about Nothing, Henry V, Henry IV (second part), and Midsummer Night's Dream published.	1600. Jonson, Cynthia's Revels, Dekker's Shoemaker's Holiday published.	
			1606. Lyly died.
1616. April 25. Died. Buried in the church at Stratford-on-Avon.			

GROUPS OF SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS, ACCORDING TO DOWDEN

First Period, from 1590 to 1595–6, *In the Workshop:*

Early History Plays — I, II, and III, Henry VI and Richard III.
Early Comedies — Love's Labour's Lost, Two Gentlemen of Verona, Comedy of Errors, Midsummer Night's Dream.
Early Tragedies — Titus Andronicus, Romeo and Juliet.
Middle History Plays — Richard II, King John.

Second Period, from 1595–6 to 1600–1, *In the World:*

Middle Comedy — Merchant of Venice.
Later History — I and II, Henry IV, Henry V.
Later Comedy — Shrew(?), Merry Wives, Much Ado, As You Like It, *closing with* TWELFTH NIGHT.

Third Period, from 1600–1 to 1608, *Out of the Depths:*

Serious Comedies — All's Well(?), Measure for Measure, Troilus and Cressida.
Later Tragedies — Julius Cæsar, Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, Timon of Athens.

Fourth Period, from 1608 to 1611 or 1613, *On the Heights:*

The Romances — Pericles (Shakspere's part), Cymbeline, Tempest, Winter's Tale, Henry VIII.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

SEBASTIAN, *brother to Viola.*

ANTONIO, *a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.*

A SEA CAPTAIN, *friend to Viola.*

VALENTINE, CURIO, } *gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle to Olivia.*

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia.*

FABIAN, FESTE, *a clown,* } *servants to Olivia.*

OLIVIA.

VIOLA.

MARIA, *Olivia's woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.*

ACT FIRST

SCENE I. — *An apartment in the* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and other Lords; Musicians attending.*

DUKE. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

CUR. Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE. What, Curio?

CUR. The hart.

DUKE. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now! what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.
Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. — *The sea-coast.*

Enter Viola, *a* Captain, *and Sailors.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,

To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

VIO. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

CAP. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIO. Who governs here?

CAP. A noble Duke, in nature as in name.

VIO. What is his name?

CAP. Orsino.

VIO. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

CAP. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, — as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of, —
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

VIO. What's she?

CAP. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

VIO. O that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

CAP. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

VIO. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.
CAP. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.
VIO. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

SIR TO. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.
MAR. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.
SIR TO. Why, let her except, before excepted.
MAR. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.
SIR TO. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink

in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MAR. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TO. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

MAR. Ay, he.

SIR TO. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MAR. What's that to the purpose?

SIR TO. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MAR. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TO. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MAR. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TO. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

MAR. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TO. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo;* for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost, —

Sir To. You mistake, knight: "accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, "thought is free": I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

MAR. A dry jest, sir.

SIR AND. Are you full of them?

MAR. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*

SIR TO. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

SIR AND. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TO. No question.

SIR AND. An I thought that, I'ld forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TO. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

SIR AND. What is "pourquoi"? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

SIR TO. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

SIR AND. Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR TO. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR AND. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

SIR TO. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

SIR AND. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TO. She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor

wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

VAL. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIO. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

VAL. No, believe me.

VIO. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and Attendants.*

DUKE. Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIO. On your attendance, my lord; here.

DUKE. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

VIO. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIO. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

DUKE. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

VIO. I think not so, my lord.
DUKE. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
VIO. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter MARIA *and* CLOWN.

MAR. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.
CLO. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.
MAR. Make that good.
CLO. He shall see none to fear.
MAR. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colours."
CLO. Where, good Mistress Mary?
MAR. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

CLO. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MAR. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

CLO. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MAR. You are resolute, then?

CLO. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

MAR. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

CLO. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MAR. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

CLO. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."

Enter LADY OLIVIA *with* MALVOLIO.

God bless thee, lady!

OLI. Take the fool away.

CLO. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

OLI. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake

him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

CLO. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

OLI. How say you to that, Malvolio?

MAL. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

OLI. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

CLO. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

MAR. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

OLI. From the Count Orsino, is it?

MAR. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

OLI. Who of my people hold him in delay?

MAR. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit* Maria.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for, — here he comes, — one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here — a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby!

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

OLI. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MAL. Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLI. What kind o' man is he?

MAL. Why, of mankind.

OLI. What manner of man?

MAL. Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLI. Of what personage and years is he?

MAL. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLI. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

MAL. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

OLI. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola, *and Attendants.*

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you,

keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MAR. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

VIO. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

OLI. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

VIO. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

OLI. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

VIO. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are secret; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

OLI. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt* MARIA *and Attendants.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

VIO. Most sweet lady, —

OLI. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

VIO. In Orsino's bosom.

OLI. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom

VIO. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant;

And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.
VIO. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.
OLI. Why, what would you?
VIO. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!
OLI. You might do much.
What is your parentage?
VIO. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
OLI. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
VIO. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*
OLI. "What is your parentage?"
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. Here, madam, at your service.
OLI. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for 't: hie thee, Malvolio.
MAL. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
OLI. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so. [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I. — *The sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

ANT. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

SEB. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

ANT. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

SEB. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

Scene II. — *A street.*

Enter Viola, Malvolio *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might

have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

VIO. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

MAL. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

VIO. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, — now alas the day! —
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW.

SIR TO. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and "*diluculo surgere,*" thou know'st, —

SIR AND. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TO. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

SIR AND. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TO. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter CLOWN.

SIR AND. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

CLO. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of "we three"?

SIR TO. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

SIR AND. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

CLO. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

SIR AND. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

SIR TO. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

SIR AND. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a —

CLO. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

SIR TO. A love-song, a love-song.

SIR AND. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

CLO. [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR AND. Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TO. Good, good.

CLO. [*Sings*]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

SIR AND. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TO. A contagious breath.

SIR AND. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

SIR TO. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch

that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou knave."

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin. [*Catch sung.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [*Sings*] "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings*] "O, the twelfth day of December," —

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TO. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

MAL. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TO. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

MAR. Nay, good Sir Toby.

CLO. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

MAL. Is't even so?

SIR TO. "But I will never die."

CLO. Sir Toby, there you lie.

MAL. This is much credit to you.

SIR TO. "Shall I bid him go?"

CLO. "What an if you do?"

SIR TO. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

CLO. "O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

SIR TO. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crums. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'ld beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by

great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TO. What wilt thou do?

MAR. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TO. Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR AND. I have't in my nose too.

SIR TO. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

MAR. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour

SIR AND. And your horse now would make him an ass.

MAR. Ass, I doubt not.

SIR AND. O, 'twill be admirable!

MAR. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

SIR TO. Good-night, Penthesilea.

SIR AND. Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TO. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

SIR AND. I was adored once too.

SIR TO. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

SIR AND. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

SIR TO. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

SIR AND. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

SIR TO. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

DUKE. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends,
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

CUR. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

DUKE. Who was it?

CUR. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

DUKE. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.
[*Exit* CURIO. *Music plays.*
Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,

Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?
VIO. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.
DUKE. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?
VIO. A little, by your favour.
DUKE. What kind of woman is't?
VIO. Of your complexion.
DUKE. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?
VIO. About your years, my lord.
DUKE. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
VIO. I think it well, my lord.
DUKE. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
VIO. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO *and* CLOWN.

DUKE. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,

And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing.

[*Music.*

Song.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that

their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

DUKE. Let all the rest give place.

[CURIO *and Attendants retire.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

VIO. But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE. I cannot be so answer'd.

VIO. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

DUKE. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, —
No motion of the liver, but the palate, —
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

VIO. Ay, but I know, —

DUKE. What dost thou know?

VIO. Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

DUKE. And what's her history?

VIO. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIO. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

SIR TO. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FAB. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TO. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FAB. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TO. To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR AND. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

SIR TO. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India!

MAR. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

SIR TO. Here's an overweening rogue!

FAB. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR AND. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TO. Peace, I say.

MAL. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, —

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping, —

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby, —

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my — some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me, —

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control, —

SIR TO. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then.

MAL. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech," —

SIR TO. What, what?

MAL. "You must amend your drunkenness."

SIR TO. Out, scab!

FAB. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MAL. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight," —

SIR AND. That's me, I warrant you.

MAL. "One Sir Andrew,"—

SIR AND. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

MAL. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

FAB. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TO. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

MAL. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR AND. Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

MAL. [*reads*] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes": — her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

FAB. This wins him, liver and all.

MAL. [*reads*] "Jove knows I love:
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know."

"No man must know." What follows? the numbers altered! "No man must know:" if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*reads*] "I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end, — what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me, — Softly! M, O, A, I, —

Sir To. O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M, — Malvolio; M, — why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M, — but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

MAL. And then I comes behind.

FAB. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

MAL. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[*Reads*] "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY."

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my

leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads*] "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee."

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

FAB. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

SIR TO. I could marry this wench for this device, —

SIR AND. So could I too.

SIR TO. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

SIR AND. Nor I neither.

FAB. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

SIR TO. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

SIR AND. Or o' mine either?

SIR TO. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

SIR AND. I' faith, or I either?

SIR TO. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

MAR. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

SIR TO. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

MAR. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

SIR TO. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

SIR AND. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I. — OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter VIOLA, *and* CLOWN *with a tabor.*

VIO. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

CLO. No, sir, I live by the church.

VIO. Art thou a churchman?

CLO. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

VIO. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

CLO. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

VIO. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

CLO. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

VIO. Why, man?

CLO. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

VIO. Thy reason, man?

CLO. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

VIO. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

CLO. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIO. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

CLO. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIO. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

CLO. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIO. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

CLO. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

VIO. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

CLO. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIO. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

CLO. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

VIO. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

CLO. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging

but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say "element," but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

SIR AND. That youth's a rare courtier: "Rain odours;" well.

VIO. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

SIR AND. "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed:" I'll get 'em all three all ready.

OLI. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* MARIA.] Give me your hand, sir.

VIO. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLI. What is your name?

VIO. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLI. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIO. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLI. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

VIO. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

OLI. O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

VIO. Dear lady, —

OLI. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse

Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

VIO. I pity you.

OLI. That's a degree to love.

VIO. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLI. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man;
There lies your way, due west.

VIO. Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLI. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

VIO. That you do think you are not what you are.

OLI. If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIO. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

OLI. I would you were as I would have you be!

VIO. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

OLI. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
VIO. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
OLI. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

SIR AND. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
SIR TO. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.
FAB. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.
SIR AND. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.
SIR TO. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.
SIR AND. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent

and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

SIR AND. Where shall I find you?

SIR TO. We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW.

FAB. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

SIR TO. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

FAB. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?

SIR TO. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

FAB. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

SIR TO. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MAR. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. — *A street.*

Enter Sebastian *and* Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks; and ever . . . . . oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm.

You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?
ANT. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.
SEB. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.
ANT. Would you'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.
SEB. Belike you slew great number of his people.
ANT. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.
SEB. Do not then walk too open.
ANT. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.
SEB. Why I your purse?
ANT. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
SEB. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.
To the Elephant.
I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. — Olivia's *garden.*

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him thither. [*Exit* Maria.] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter Maria, *with* Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all."

OLI. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

MAL. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLI. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MAL. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

OLI. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

MAR. How do you, Malvolio?

MAL. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

MAR. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MAL. "Be not afraid of greatness:" 'twas well writ.

OLI. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MAL. "Some are born great," —

OLI. Ha!

MAL. "Some achieve greatness," —

OLI. What sayest thou?

MAL. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

OLI. Heaven restore thee!

MAL. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings," —

OLI. Thy yellow stockings!

MAL. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

OLI. Cross-gartered!

MAL. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;" —

OLI. Am I made?

MAL. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

OLI. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter SERVANT.

SER. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLI. I'll come to him. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

MAL. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;" and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance — What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with* SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

SIR TO. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

FAB. Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

MAL. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

MAR. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MAL. Ah, ha! does she so?

SIR TO. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MAL. Do you know what you say?

MAR. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

FAB. Carry his water to the wise woman.

MAR. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

MAL. How now, mistress!

MAR. O Lord!

SIR TO. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

FAB. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

SIR TO. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

FAB. Is't so saucy?

SIR AND. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

SIR TO. Give me. [*Reads*] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

FAB. Good, and valiant.

SIR TO. [*reads*] "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."

FAB. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

SIR TO. [*reads*] "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

FAB. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense — less.

SIR TO. [*reads*] "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me", —

FAB. Good.

SIR TO. [*reads*] "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

FAB. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

SIR TO. [*reads*] "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK."
If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

MAR. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

SIR TO. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon

as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter Olivia, *with* Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt* Sir Toby, Fabian, *and* Maria.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

VIO. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.
OLI. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?
VIO. Nothing but this; — your true love for my master.
OLI. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?
VIO. I will acquit you.
OLI. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

SIR TO. Gentleman, God save thee.
VIO. And you, sir.
SIR TO. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't. of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.
VIO. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.
SIR TO. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.
VIO. I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TO. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

VIO. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

SIR TO. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

VIO. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

SIR TO. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

VIO. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FAB. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

VIO. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FAB. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you

could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

VIO. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY, *with* SIR ANDREW.

SIR TO. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

SIR AND. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

SIR TO. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

SIR AND. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

SIR TO. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

[*To* FAB.] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

FAB. He is as horribly conceited of him; and

pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To* Vio.] There's no remedy, sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*They draw.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*They draw.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

VIO. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.
SIR AND. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.
FIRST OFF. This is the man; do thy office.
SEC. OFF. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.
ANT. You do mistake me, sir.
FIRST OFF. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.
ANT. I must obey. [*To* VIO.] This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.
SEC. OFF. Come, sir, away.
ANT. I must entreat of you some of that money.
VIO. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.
ANT. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
VIO. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

ANT. O heavens themselves!

SEC. OFF. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

ANT. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love;
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

FIRST OFF. What's that to us? The time goes by: away!

ANT. But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

FIRST OFF. The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

ANT. Lead me on. [*Exit with* OFFICERS.

VIO. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

SIR TO. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

VIO. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*

SIR TO. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

FAB. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

SIR AND. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

SIR TO. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

SIR AND. An I do not, — [*Exit.*

FAB. Come, let's see the event.

SIR TO. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I. — *Before* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN.

CLO. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

SEB. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee!

CLO. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

SEB. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me.

CLO. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEB. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

CLO. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report — after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!

[*Exeunt* Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, *and* Fabian.

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEB. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLI. Nay, come, I prithee: would thou'ldst be ruled by me!

SEB. Madam, I will.

OLI. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter MARIA *and* CLOWN.

MAR. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*

CLO. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* MARIA.

SIR TO. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

CLO. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit

of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That that is is;" so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is "that" but "that," and "is" but "is"?

SIR TO. To him, Sir Topas.

CLO. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

SIR TO. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

MAL. [*within*] Who calls there?

CLO. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MAL. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

CLO. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR TO. Well said, master Parson.

MAL. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

CLO. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

MAL. As hell, Sir Topas.

CLO. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MAL. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

CLO. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

MAL. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there

was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt* Sir Toby *and* Maria.

Clo. [*Singing*] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say, —

CLO. "She loves another" — Who calls, ha?

MAL. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

CLO. Master Malvolio!

MAL. Ay, good fool.

CLO. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MAL. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

CLO. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MAL. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

CLO. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

MAL. Sir Topas, —

CLO. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

MAL. Fool, fool, fool, I say, —

CLO. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

MAL. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

CLO. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

MAL. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil.

Scene III.—Olivia's *garden*.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,

That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and* PRIEST.

OLI. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?
SEB. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
OLI. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I. — *Before* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter CLOWN *and* FABIAN.

FAB. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

CLO. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FAB. Any thing.

CLO. Do not desire to see this letter.

FAB. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and* LORDS.

DUKE. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

CLO. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

DUKE. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

CLO. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

DUKE. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

CLO. No, sir, the worse.

DUKE. How can that be?

CLO. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

DUKE. Why, this is excellent.

CLO. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

DUKE. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

CLO. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

DUKE. O, you give me ill counsel.

CLO. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

DUKE. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there's another.

CLO. *Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

DUKE. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

CLO. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

VIO. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO *and* OFFICERS.

DUKE. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;

With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing

While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

VIO. How can this be?

DUKE. When came he to this town?

ANT. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA *and Attendants.*

DUKE. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

OLI. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIO. Madam!

DUKE. Gracious Olivia, —

OLI. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord, —

VIO. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

OLI. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

DUKE. Still so cruel?

OLI. Still so constant, lord.

DUKE. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

OLI. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

DUKE. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,

Kill what I love? — a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

VIO. And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

OLI. Where goes Cesario?

VIO. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

OLI. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

VIO. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

OLI. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

DUKE. Come, away!

OLI. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

DUKE. Husband!

OLI. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

DUKE. Her husband, sirrah!

VIO. No, my lord, not I.

OLI. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter PRIEST.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

PRIEST. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

DUKE. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIO. My lord, I do protest —

OLI. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

SIR AND. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

OLI. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario; we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby *and* Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

SIR TO. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb
and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!
OLI. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.
[*Exeunt* CLOWN, FABIAN, SIR TOBY, *and* SIR ANDREW.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEB. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.
DUKE. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not!
SEB. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!
ANT. Sebastian are you?
SEB. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
ANT. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
OLI. Most wonderful!
SEB. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
VIO. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,

You come to fright us.

SEB. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say "Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!"

VIO. My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEB. And so had mine,

VIO. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

SEB. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

VIO. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEB. [*To* OLIVIA] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

DUKE. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*To* VIOLA] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIO. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.
DUKE. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
VIO. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.
OLI. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter CLOWN *with a letter, and* FABIAN.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?
CLO. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.
OLI. Open't and read it.
CLO. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads*] "By the Lord, madam", —
OLI. How now! art thou mad?
CLO. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.
OLI Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

CLO. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

OLI. Read it you, sirrah. [*To* FABIAN.

FAB. "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO."

OLI. Did he write this?

CLO. Ay, madam.

DUKE. This savours not much of distraction.

OLI. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

DUKE. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
[*To* VIOLA] Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

OLI. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

DUKE. Is this the madman?
OLI. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!
MAL. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.
OLI. Have I, Malvolio? no.
MAL. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.
OLI. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.
FAB. Good madam, hear me speak,

And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad." But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged:" and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except* Clown.

Clo. [*Sings*]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

NOTES

ACT I

Scene I

3. *and so die:* i.e., "the appetite" for music (and not "love" for Olivia) may so die.

5–7. *like the sweet sound,* etc.: A poetic image uniting two senses ("sound" and "odour") which needs no dissection to be felt and understood.

9. *quick:* lively, volatile.

12. *validity and pitch:* value and worth — contrasted with "abatement and low price" in the next line. "Pitch" is technically a hunting term and denotes the "height" to which a falcon rises.

14. *fancy:* love — as often in Shakspere.

15. *alone:* beyond any comparison; *fantastical,* imaginative, "full of shapes."

16. *go hunt:* "hunt" is a frequent infinitive construction. It was losing sight of this, after the inflectional ending was lost, that has given rise to the modern idiom, "go *and* hunt."

21–3. *turn'd into a hart,* etc.: The illustration is taken from the myth of Actæon, as told by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses,* iii, 138–252. Actæon, while out hunting, came upon Diana and her companions bathing, and that he should never be able to say that he had seen Diana naked, was changed into a stag ("hart"), mistakenly set upon by his own dogs and devoured. There is an obvious play on words in the text between "hart" and "heart."

26. *element:* air or sky. According to the old philosophy, the four "elements," of which all things consisted, were air, earth, water, and fire. *seven years' heat,* i.e., seven summers. Or, more probably, *heat* may be a participle, i.e., heated.

28. *cloistress:* nun.

30. *eye-offending brine:* means simply "tears."

32. *remembrance* is metrically pronounced as four syllables, the *r* being trilled, i.e., "re-mem-ber-ance."

35. *rich golden shaft:* i.e., Cupid's arrow, the wound from which caused love.

36. *flock:* crowd, number.

37. *liver, brain and heart:* These were supposed to be the seats or "sovereign thrones" of the highest powers of the mind and soul. The *liver* was specifically the seat of love and courage, and as such is mentioned frequently in this play.

39. *perfections:* high qualities; *self*, self-same; *king* is, of course, Love. The passage, therefore, means: her high qualities are filled with (i.e., controlled by) one supreme passion, viz., Love.

Scene II

3–4. *Illyria . . . Elysium:* A word play is intended. *Illyria* is on the eastern shore of the Adriatic across from Venice; but for the purposes of the play one might as well define the bounds of Elysium or the abode of the blessed.

5–8. *Perchance . . . perchance . . . perchance . . . chance:* The quibbling with words is evident. The second *perchance* is taken literally, i.e., by a mere chance.

10. *those poor number: number* has a plural meaning which determines *those*. Modern usage would demand the singular "that."

11. *driving boat:* i.e., boat driving before the storm.

12. *provident:* foreseeing — the etymological meaning.

15–16. *like Arion*, etc.: *Arion* was a Greek poet and singer, who, according to the fable, charmed by his music even the monsters of the deep. Once, thrown from a ship by some seamen — or leaping overboard to escape them — he was brought safely to shore by admiring dolphins.

19. *unfoldeth to my hope:* i.e., gives me ground for hope. Shakspere prepares for the ending of the play from the beginning. The brother is not really dead, but reappears at the right dramatic moment.

27. *Orsino:* Although the scene is Illyria, the name is taken from the noble and historical family of the Orsini at Rome. For the purposes of the English dramatist the play and characters are in far away and romantic Italy, whether Illyria or Rome.

29. *He was a bachelor then:* Viola is interested in the Duke from the first and ultimately wins him. Shakspere's heroines, intended for the stage, invariably reveal their interest in their lovers, without

at all losing their charm. The dramatist is not only true to nature, but gains an effective dramatic situation.

35. *what's she?* The form of the question, according to Elizabethan usage, means "who is she?" and does not necessarily imply any depreciation. Cf. l. 53, "what I am"; I, v, 123–4, "what is he at the gate," etc. But Viola scents a rival, nevertheless, although her compassionate womanly sympathies immediately succeed to the emotion of any possible injustice. Still, her curiosity has evidently been relieved; after hearing that the Duke's suit has not been admitted, she changes the topic of further conversation as well as the "form" of her "intent," which is no longer to enter Olivia's service, but the Duke's!

39. *dear:* has merely an intensifying force and meaning.

42. *delivered:* exposed, handed over.

43. *mellow:* i.e., announce. It is better to treat this word as a verb than as an adjective. The latter involves difficulties of construction, which, however, are not rare in Shaksperean usage. Furness treats as a predicate adjective explaining "what my estate is"; cf. the construction in *Hamlet*, I, i, 33.

44. *compass:* bring about, accomplish.

50. *suits:* agrees.

51. *character:* outward appearance, which would lead one to expect corresponding inward qualities.

53. *Conceal me:* This usage of *me* was formerly very common. It is the so-called "ethical dative," and implies "for me," "for my benefit," i.e., do me the kindness to. Other instances in the play will be noticed.

54. *become:* be suitable for.

55. *The form of my intent:* i.e., my plans.

56, 62. *eunuch:* The word is not used later in the play; but the idea of "page" or "attendant" is substituted.

58. *music:* Viola again shows previous acquaintance with the Duke's likings and traits. The play opens with music and the Duke's words: "If music be the food of love, play on."

59. *allow me:* i.e., make me be acknowledged.

61. *shape thou thy silence to my wit:* i.e., say nothing of my designs. This is followed in the next line by the reply: "Your mute I'll be," i.e., I shall say nothing to disclose who and what you are.

Scene III

Note the change throughout this scene from verse to prose, a change whenever these characters enter. The play is thus divided, by its form and structure as well as by its spirit, into two main parts: one of a poetical and romantic comedy of sentiment and the other of a more realistic and raw underplot of pure fun and sport. This latter part is wholly of Shakspere's invention. In this middle period of Shakspere's work this distinction between the poetical and the prose portions is firmly held, as may readily be seen by a reference to *Much Ado About Nothing*, the two parts of *Henry IV*, *Henry V*, *Merry Wives* and other plays. The practice began to grow on the dramatist early, for it is found in an early play like *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and in a somewhat later one, *The Merchant of Venice*. The present play is particularly noteworthy as an example of the nice adjustment of means to end — of the use of blank verse, of song, and of plain prose, to suit the special spirit of the passage or speaker.

2–3. *care's an enemy to life:* Sir Toby gives expression to a familiar proverb, a usage which is rather frequent in the play; cf. l. 73, Maria's "thought is free," and elsewhere.

5. *cousin:* used by Shakspere for various degrees of relationship. Here it means "niece," as above in the first line. In I, v, 124, 130, Olivia addresses Sir Toby as "cousin."

6–7. *exceptions . . . except . . . excepted:* The quibbling, more frequent in these prose scenes from their very character, is obvious. Sir Toby is far on his usual way of getting sadly drunk, a common enough form of stage humor, and his words need no serious elucidation. The Latin law phrase, *exceptis excipiendis* ("those things being excepted which were before excepted") — for Sir Toby had studied law in his youth — may possibly have hung in his mind.

12. *an:* if. A frequent Shaksperean usage, found repeatedly in this play. Cf. ll. 65, 67, 92, etc., etc.

14. *quaffing:* drinking hard. A stronger term than mere "drinking," with which it is associated.

20. *tall:* brave, able. A frequent usage.

22. *ducats:* Italian gold pieces, named from the word for Duke, and usually bearing the stamp and head of the one reigning.

24. *he'll have but a year in:* i.e., he will spend in a year.

27. *viol-de-gamboys:* i.e., *viola-da-gamba*, or violoncello. Literally, viol of the legs (Italian, *gamba*, leg), because held between the

legs in playing. To play on this instrument was a fashionable accomplishment, just as speaking two or three languages was.

30. *natural:* There is quibble on the meaning "fool."

33. *gust;* taste. Cf. gusto.

36. *substractors:* Sir Toby means "detractors," but is too drunk to get it right.

43. *coystrill:* rascal, knave. The term was applied to the worst kind of camp-followers.

44. *parish-top:* a top kept in a village or parish for exercise or pleasure in whipping and spinning it. Some villages, both in our country and abroad, still have the materials for quoits or other games public and free for all.

45. *Castiliano vulgo:* Sir Toby's obfuscated mind may mean this for choice Castilian or Spanish, but he is getting drunker. The meaning of the context is plain: Hush, no more about him, here comes the man himself.

50. *shrew:* Literally, a woman with a sharp tongue, and Maria can scold both Sir Toby and Sir Andrew upon occasion; but its use here merely betokens familiarity, Sir Andrew treating her as he would a servant.

52. *accost:* i.e., make up to, speak to, address in a more formal manner. Sir Andrew mistakes the strange word for a proper name, and Sir Toby must explain his word and figure below.

54. *My niece's chambermaid:* "Chambermaid" is here used in the sense of "lady's companion." Sir Andrew seems not aware of this in his first greeting, l. 50, and drunken Sir Toby wishes to give the proper introduction and have his friend be polite as well.

65. *part:* i.e., depart. A French usage. Cf. *partir.*

71. *Marry:* i.e., Marie or Mary, for the Virgin. A frequent oath or interjection.

77, 80. *dry:* used of "metaphor" and "jest," and explained as "dull, stupid"; but we still speak of "dry wit." A quibble is involved, and we cannot be too literal; and there is a probable reference to the dry and moist humors.

84. *canary:* a wine or "sack," originally from the Canary Isles. Cf. l. 87, "canary put me down," i.e., make me drunk.

89. *eater of beef:* There is still a popular connection between diet and wit, and the heavy dulness of the "beef-eater" is proverbial. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida,* II, i, 14, "beef-witted law."

91. *No question:* no doubt.

94. *Pourquoi:* French for "why" or "wherefore."

96. *the tongues :* i.e., the languages, a knowledge of which was considered an accomplishment. Cf. note on l. 27 above, and *the arts*, l. 98.

97. *fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting :* the popular sports of the day.

98. *the arts :* i.e., literature and culture studies. We still have the degree, "Bachelor of Arts."

99–100. *head of hair :* Sir Andrew has said "tongues," and Sir Toby purposely interprets this as "tongs," used for curling hair.

104. *nature :* a quibble on the use of *arts*, l. 98.

111. *count* and "Duke" are used indiscriminately by Shakspere.

114. *degree :* rank, station.

116. *life :* i.e., cause for hope.

118–9. *I delight in masques and revels :* These forms of entertainment were important in the early history of the modern drama.

120. *kickshawses :* trifles. This is the historically correct plural form. "Kickshaws," derived from the French *quelque chose*, was originally a singular, though it has now become a plural.

124. *old :* i.e., experienced, cultivated. Sir Andrew is modest.

125–137. *galliard . . . caper . . . cut the mutton . . . back-trick . . . coranto . . . jig . . . sink-a-pace* are all dances in fast time and demanding agility. *galliard* is from French *gaillard* and *sink-a-pace* from French *cinque-pace; coranto* is Italian; *caper* is derived from the Latin *caper*, a goat ; *cut the mutton* — we still say, "cut a caper," and, of a form of dancing, "cut the pigeon wing."

132. *curtain :* As European travellers know, hanging curtains before pictures to protect — and hide — them is a common practice in the churches on the Continent.

133. *Mistress Mall's picture :* Seemingly, some notorious character of the time, like "Mall Cutpurse," the heroine of Middleton and Dekker's play, *The Roaring Girl;* but who she was, is uncertain.

140. *formed under the star :* There was a common belief in astrology at the time, often referred to in Shakspere's plays and the literature of the day, that the conjunction of the planets at the time of one's birth affected both one's character and destiny. So ll. 144–5 "born under Taurus." Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, I, ii, 140–1, "The fault . . . lies not in our stars, But in ourselves."

142. *stock :* stocking.

145. *Taurus :* the Bull in the constellation and the second sign of the zodiac, referring to the appearance of the heavens and the times and seasons of the year. Cf. above, l. 140.

146–7. Sir Andrew says *sides and heart*, Sir Toby, *legs and thighs*, and Chaucer "neck and throat," are under Taurus' "governance." All these may be located in the pictures of the constellation, which give the forefront of the animal with fore-legs poised in air.

Scene IV

2. *Cesario:* This is the name Viola has assumed, having carried out her intention of disguising herself as a boy and entering the Duke's service as a page. *like*, likely, as often.

5. *humour:* "disposition" generally, and so "fickleness" specifically. The "humours" seem to have become four, as the "elements" were four (cf. note on I, i, 26). These were due to the blood, phlegm, choler, or melancholy; and "dispositions" became sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, or melancholy, as one of these prevailed at the expense of the others, the perfect disposition arising from the proper admixture and proportion of all four.

13. *no less but all:* i.e., no less than all.

15. *address thy gait:* go — in simple language.

16. *access:* Dissyllabic words of Latin and French origin have the accent either on the last syllable or on the penult, as occasion requires. The modern English tendency is to throw it back to the penult, and the pronunciation of most words has become fixed so. Here the metre demands "ac-céss" and in l. 28 "as-péct."

20. *as it is spoke:* as it is said. The inflectional *-n* of the participle was disappearing in Shakspere's day. In a few verbs, as in this, it has been retained, but is usually lost.

21. *civil bonds:* bonds of civility or politeness.

28. *nuncio:* ambassador, formal messenger.

30. *yet:* i.e., for a long time to come.

31. *Diana:* The goddess whose worship was at one time widespread; hence a synonym for beauty.

32. *rubious:* ruby-like, red. *pipe*, wind-pipe, and so "voice." Similarly, the use of "organ" in the next line.

34. *semblative:* resembling. The word is used only here by Shakspere.

34. *a woman's part:* The "woman's part" in the Shaksperean theatre was always taken by boys with "shrill" "sound" voice (i.e., a soprano, not cracked). Women were not admitted to the stage to act until after the Restoration in 1660, and the new procedure was considered a French vogue. References are made

to boys playing the "woman's part" in *Hamlet*, II, ii, 444, and in *Antony and Cleopatra*, V, ii, 220. The young actor of the part of Viola, being a boy acting the part of a girl, who, in turn, was pretending to be a boy (that which he actually was), had plenty of scope for subtle turns. But we need not suppose that Shakspere's stage always brought out the fulness of opportunity which Shakspere himself offered.

35. *thy constellation is right apt* (i.e., favorable): An astrological reference. See note on I, iii, 140.

38. *Prosper:* i.e., If thou prosper. A common construction.

40. *call his fortunes thine:* i.e., shall "freely" share his fortunes. The adverb is to be taken from the preceding line.

41. *barful;* full of bars, impediments, or difficulties.

42. *Whoe'er I woo:* Shakspere's and Elizabethan usage is not consistent with the case form of the pronoun, the nominative form appearing in accusative selections.

42. *myself would be his wife:* Loverlike murder will out. Viola reveals to the audience in a stage aside what, as we have before seen, it already suspects. Psychologically the "aside" is saying aloud what is actually only thought and felt to one's self. Dramatically, it aids the audience in interpreting a character or a situation; and the real fun and pleasure of comedy largely consists in stage illusion, in the audience being let into a secret which the other characters do not know. The audience knows Cesario is not a boy but is Viola, which no one at the Duke's court suspects, and it further knows that she is in love with the Duke, the possibility of which he would be the last to suspect. Hence the audience is looking forward to complications which it foresees and the characters cannot.

Scene V

Enter . . . Clown: The clown was formerly in attendance on all great houses and is a common figure in Shakspere. There were two notable cases in the early play of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and a steady growth may be observed in their conception and execution, the height being reached in Touchstone in *As you Like it*, in Feste in this play, and in the Fool in *Lear*.

3. *in way of thy excuse:* i.e., in way of excusing thee.

6. *fear no colours:* A quibble with "collars"; one ("colours") may be said of a soldier the other ("collars") of a hanged man. See ll. 9–12.

9. *lenten :* i.e., short. With a reference to the "short" commons due to Lenten fasting.

20. *Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage :* A proverbial saying. Cf. above, I, iii, 2–3. The commentators call attention to a story from Montaigne of a Picard and a Dane about to be executed; each was offered a reprieve on condition of marrying, one a lame and the other a plain girl, but in both cases the offer was refused.

21. *let summer bear it out :* This may mean, either because of the good summer time it doesn't matter, or the course of the summer will decide it.

26. *gaskins :* loose breeches. Maria puns on "points," the tagged laces whereby the *gaskins* were held up.

28–30. *if Sir Toby*, etc.: The mutual liking of Maria and Sir Toby has not escaped the observant clown, and their ultimate union is intimated.

32–3. *you were best :* it were best for you; *you* is a dative.

34. *Wit* is invoked. Having to make his peace, the clown determines to rely upon his wits to help him brazen it out. See below, ll. 42 ff.

38. *Quinapalus :* invented for the occasion by the clown, wittily quoting his seeming authority after the pedantic manner of the day.

42. *Take away the lady :* The familiarity allowed the clown or fool was a continual source of wit. He takes the aggressive himself to circumvent the scolding he richly deserves, and audaciously quibbles on Olivia's words.

44, 47. *dry :* dull, stupid. Cf. above, I, iii, 77, 80.

45. *dishonest :* bad-mannered — both in these retorts and in his loose behavior in being absent without leave.

46. *madonna :* Italian for "my lady."

50. *botcher :* patcher of old clothes. Cf. ll. 51–3, "patched," playing also on the patches or parti-colored clothes worn by clowns and fools. "Patch" was a common name for the fool or clown.

54. *simple syllogism :* i.e., simple argument. But the fool's logic is anything but simple. Olivia is "virtue that transgresses," and the fool is "sin that amends"; but he passes into downright nonsense. The formal "syllogism" in logic consisted of three statements — two premises and a conclusion; if the premises were true, the conclusion ought to follow.

60. *Misprision :* misunderstanding (French *méprise*), with a quibble on the use of the word as a legal term, denoting knowledge of a crime connected with concealment

61. *cucullus non facit monachum :* i.e., the cowl does not make the monk. The fool, of course, means that wearing motley (the fool's dress) does not prove a man a fool.

62. *I wear not motley in my brain :* i.e., I am not a fool with my brains at any rate. *motley* was the fool's many-colored costume.

65. *Dexteriously :* A dialectal form, used purposely, it seems.

67–8. *good my mouse :* i.e., my good mouse. An expression of affection.

79. *mend :* The word brings us back to its use and the argument in ll. 49–50, "if he mend, he is no longer dishonest." Olivia, in addressing Malvolio, seems to imply that he is the source of the charges against the clown; this practice on his part would account for the general hearty dislike of Malvolio. In ll. 84–6 the clown intimates that Sir Toby has a grudge against Malvolio, as he himself has.

81. *decays :* i.e., makes decay.

89. *barren :* stupid. Like the use of "dry" commented on above, p. 44, 47 and I, iii, 77, 80.

90. *an ordinary fool :* i.e., a common fool, one of no fixed rank as the "set kind of fools," l. 95, and the "allowed (i.e., licensed or privileged) fool" of l. 100. The expression has no connection with "ordinary," an inn.

94. *crow :* laugh noisily.

94–5, *these set kind of fools :* There is a plural notion in "fools," and *these* is used for "this," which strictly should modify *kind of*. This usage was a common idiom in Shakspere's day, and is still heard colloquially and dialectally.

95. *fools' zanies :* The *zanies* were secondary buffoons, in attendance upon the main fool of a performance, very much as in the circus of to-day.

96. *you are sick of self-love, Malvolio :* With one stroke the weakness of Malvolio's character is revealed in these words.

99. *bird-bolts :* short, blunt arrows for shooting at birds and knocking them over without transfixing them.

101. *nor no :* The use of the double negative in a merely intensifying negative sense is common with Shakspere and frequent in this play.

104. *Mercury* was the patron of thieves and so of liars. *leasing*, lying, falsely deceiving. The meaning of the passage is: To speak well of fools, one must needs lie.

107. *much desires:* i.e., who much desires. The relative pronoun is omitted, a common feature of Shaksperean and all poetical language, and other instances may be noted in this play.

113–4. *nothing but madman:* nothing but folly.

120. *Jove:* the chief god of the heavens in classic mythology. In a day of the revival of classical learning it was quite fashionable to have Jove's name frequently on the lips, and the clown imitates this custom.

122. *pia mater:* the brain. Literally, the membrane covering the brain.

128. *pickle-herring:* Sir Toby is not feeling so well, and ascribes it to the pickle-herring he has been eating. He has probably just hiccoughed. He next addresses the clown, "How now, sot!"

131. *lethargy* is a very delicate word on Olivia's part in describing her kinsman's very evident condition, but drunken Sir Toby mistakes the word.

139. *above heat:* beyond what is needed to quench thirst.

141. *crowner:* i.e., coroner, who "sits o'," i.e., holds inquest over, the bodies of "drowned" persons. Olivia is playful to hide her irritation. What she means, she afterwards says: "go look after him."

146. *yond:* i.e., yon, yonder.

155. *Has:* i.e., He has. A rather frequent usage with Shakspere, particularly in intimate speech.

156. *sheriff's post:* the post before the sheriff's door, to which his notices and proclamations were affixed.

157. *supporter to a bench:* i.e., stock or stone.

159. *mankind:* The dramatist cannot forbear to play with words both here and l. 161, putting his quibbles even in Malvolio's mouth. Malvolio is the victim of self-love, and he lacks all real powers of imagination as well as humor; but he is hardly so literal-minded as to fail to comprehend Olivia. The jesting, if jesting, but shows his spleen.

165–6. *as a squash is before 'tis a peascod:* The commentators aptly compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III, i, 191 ff.: — *Bot.* "Your name, honest gentleman." *Peas.* "Peaseblossom." *Bot.* "I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash your mother, and to Master Peascod your father."

166. *codling:* an unripe apple.

167. *standing water:* i.e., water just at the moment between the ebb and flow of tide — neither one nor the other.

169. *shrewishly:* i.e., like a woman, and is described by the words which immediately follow.

184. *con:* memorize, learn by heart.

185. *comptible:* sensitive.

186. *least sinister usage:* i.e., slightest unkindness.

189. *out of my part:* An expression of the theatre, as in I, iv, 34, "a woman's part." Hence Olivia's question, l. 192, "Are you a comedian?" and Viola's answer, with a hidden meaning, "I am not that I play." The two styles of Viola will be observed: one, the extravagant use of language when she is playing the "part" of "nuncio" or "messenger," e.g., the beginning of her address, ll. 179, 180: "Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty," and the second, when she lapses into her natural tone, e.g., ll. 181–2, "I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house."

190. *modest:* i.e., moderate.

199. *from my commission:* i.e., away from or beyond my commission. The Duke had called Viola his "nuncio" (I, iv, 28); and Viola declares, ll. 216–17, "I am a messenger."

205–6. *poetical . . . It is the more like to be feigned:* A quibble, and besides a sly hit of Shakspere at his own art and work. Cf. the lines on "the lunatic, the lover and the poet" in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, V, i, 7–22.

210. *have reason:* i.e., have anything remarkable or sensible to say.

211. *time of moon:* The changes in the moon were popularly supposed to cause intermittent insanity; hence, "lunacy," the word being derived from the Latin, *luna* (moon). The superstition has not altogether died out yet, many negroes and others being afraid to sleep in the full rays of the moon.

213. *hoist sail:* i.e., get ready to go. A figure from shipping, which is continued in Viola's retort.

214. *swabber:* deck scrubber — continuing the ship figure. Similarly, *hull*, lie at port without the sail.

215. *Some mollification for your giant:* Most commentators see in this a reference to Olivia's small stature; but it seems mere extravagance for "Some relenting towards the inordinate passion of your noble lover, the Duke."

219. *the courtesy:* the introductory greeting, the first words of courteous address.

221–2. *no overture of war, no taxation of homage:* no declaration of war, no claim for tribute and service. The figure of the nuntio

and formal "messenger" (l. 216) or ambassador from one court to another is continued throughout Viola's speech. The *olive* (l. 223) is the emblem of peace.

228. *entertainment:* reception.

235–6. *A comfortable doctrine . . . Where lies your text?* Following up Viola's use of "divinity" and "profanation" (l. 230), Olivia employs theological terms for her figures. Similarly, l. 238, *chapter*. Viola (ll. 234–40) continues *to answer by the method*, i.e., to repeat the metaphor, and replies, *in the first* (i.e., chapter) *of his heart*. Whereupon Olivia (l. 241) retorts, *it is heresy*. Similarly (ll. 245–6), *out of your text*.

243. *let me see your face:* Woman-like, despite her disguise, Viola is curious to see the face of her rival, and having seen it, again like the true woman she is, is generous in praising its beauty (ll. 252–3).

246–7. *we will draw the curtain and show you the picture:* See note above, I, iii, 132.

250. *in grain:* i.e., natural, in the natural fibre and constitution. In clothes, it refers to a fast color made in their manufacture and not put on later (Old French, *en graine*).

252. *blent:* i.e., blended. A common contracted form, like "blest," "mixt," etc. In other verbs of precisely the same nature we say "lent," "rent," "sent," "spent," "went," and have given up "lended," etc. We still have both "bended" and "bent," "builded" and "built," "gilded" and "gilt," "girded" and "girt," though the contracted form is the more common one.

254–6. Urging one to marry and perpetuate one's beauty and nobility through one's children was a common conceit of the time and forms the subject of some of Shakspere's earlier sonnets.

254. *the cruell'st she alive: she* is used substantively.

258. *schedules:* articles of a list or inventory, items. Cf. *item . . . item . . . item*, ll. 260–2.

260. *labelled to my will:* i.e., affixed by label to my will (enumerating all my property).

263. *praise:* It seems to stand for "'praise" and mean "appraise."

268. *nonpareil:* unequalled. French, *non-pareil*, none-such.

274. *in voices well divulged:* i.e., well spoken of by rumor; *free*, noble.

277. *have took:* So many verbs had the preterite and past participle alike that in Shakspere's day there was much confusion of usage, preterite forms being used for past participles and *vice versa*.

In some verbs this original confusion has become a fixed modern usage; but in the case of "take" we have returned to "taken" for the participle.

278. *If I did love you*, etc.: Perhaps, in asking to see Olivia's face (l. 243) and in making use of these words, Viola unconsciously gives a suggestion to Olivia's heart which she henceforth acts on. Love must be sudden on the stage, otherwise the play couldn't go forward. *in my master's flame*, with my master's passion, in his place.

279. *deadly life :* i.e., death or intense suffering in life.

280. *sense :* meaning, answer.

282. *willow :* a symbol for weeping and mourning, as the cypress and the yew, also used in this play.

284. *cantons :* lyrical poems, songs. Cf. Italian, *canzone*.

286. *reverberate :* reverberating, echoing. The participle is used actively.

289. *elements of air and earth*. This refers to "the babbling gossip of the air" (l. 287) and "the reverberate hills" (l. 286).

290. *But :* i.e., unless, until. *You might do much.* Olivia, wrought on by Viola's vehemence, betrays her own feelings. It is a fine scene between the two women of the play.

298. *fee'd post :* hired messenger.

301. *fervour :* passion of love.

307. *blazon :* the armorial bearings, betokening the rank.

308. *Unless the master were the man :* Olivia is talking to herself and the sentence is incomplete, but we can divine her thoughts.

310. *perfections :* excellent or high qualities. Cf. I, i, 39.

315. *county's :* i.e., count's.

317. *flatter with :* Elizabethan usage associates the preposition with verbs in many cases where we no longer find it necessary.

322–3. *Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind :* The impression derived from the eyes (i.e., love at first sight) may prove too strong for my mind (i.e., what reason tells me is right and fitting).

324. *Owe :* own, possess — as often.

ACT II

Scene I

1. *nor . . . not :* Another instance of the double intensifying negative.

3–5. *My stars shine darkly . . . the malignancy of my fate might*

perhaps distemper yours: Still another reference to the former astrological beliefs. *malignancy*, malevolence, working harm. Due to the "malign" influence of the stars.

11. *sooth:* in truth.

11, 12. *my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy:* i.e., I have no plans beyond wandering about. Sebastian, like his sister Viola in I, i, knows of Orsino, and is really going to try his fortune at the Duke's court, ll. 43–4.

The use of both *determinate* (cf. Latin, *terminus*, end) and *extravagancy* (cf. Latin *extra*, outside, and *vagari*, wander) is a Latinism; *voyage*, from the French, is still "journey" in a general sense and not yet limited to "travel by sea."

13. *you will not:* i.e., you are not willing.

14. *am willing:* am desirous.

15. *it charges me in manners:* i.e., politeness demands of me.

16. *express:* reveal.

17. *which:* i.e., who. Cf. the similar frequent sixteenth and seventeenth century usage in the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father which art in Heaven."

19. *Messaline:* Probably a fanciful nowhere of the poet's own, as is the entire atmosphere of the play. Some, however, rather unhappily, try to identify it with Messina or Mitylene.

22. *ended:* i.e., died.

24. *breach:* breaking, breakers.

26. *A lady, sir, though*, etc.: A lady, sir, who, though, etc. The relative pronoun is often omitted. Cf. I, v, 106–7.

28. *such estimable wonder:* so great admiration.

30. *publish her:* speak openly of her.

33. *more:* more salt water, i.e., tears. Cf. I, i, 30, *eye-offending brine*, salt tears.

34. *entertainment:* treatment. Cf. I, v, 228.

35. *your trouble:* i.e., the trouble I have given you.

36. *If you will not murder me for my love:* i.e., Don't put an end to me by refusing.

Scene II

6. *to have taken:* i.e., by taking. A wrong perfect tense built upon a perfect tense, though still a common idiom colloquially.

8. *desperate assurance:* hopeless certainty.

10. *so hardy to come:* i.e., so hardy *as* to come.

13. *She took the ring of me:* Viola's quick wit, reflecting upon the

interview she has just had, sees at once what is the matter, as her following soliloquy shows, and by this little fib she comes to the rescue of Olivia before her messenger and steward, Malvolio, who departs never the wiser. Olivia surely counted on this — or, at least, the dramatist intended it so.

14. *peevishly threw:* waywardly threw. Cf. above, I, v, 314, "peevish messenger." This seems to be "made up" for the occasion by Malvolio, but this and the following line makes good acting.

15. *so returned:* returned in the same manner, i.e., by peevishly throwing it to her.

19. *forbid . . . not:* A sort of double negative. We now drop the "not" in such an expression.

21. *methought:* it seemed to me. *thought* is an impersonal verb and *me* is in the dative case; the corresponding present form is "methinks." This impersonal verb, signifying "seems," is entirely independent in origin of the "personal" verb, "I think" and "I thought," involving an active mental operation. *lost,* made her lose.

29. *pregnant:* fertile in resource, quick-witted.

30. *proper-false:* seeming true in the outward form but actually false.

34. *fadge:* turn out well, come to a happy issue.

35. *monster:* used in an exaggerated sense, and probably with a reference to her disguise as a seeming man but actual woman. *fond,* dote.

SCENE III

Remembering that the chief purpose of this scene is to furnish entertainment to the audience by confusing and making gulls of both Sir Andrew and Malvolio, we shall find that much of the wit was not intended to be either very witty or susceptible of any very clear explanation.

2. *betimes:* early, i.e., in the small hours before dawn. Sir Andrew is easily puzzled by such dialectic, but is often instinctively right: "to be up late is to be up late."

2–3. *diluculo surgere:* Sir Toby quotes familiarly the first two words of a Latin apothegm found in Lilly's Latin Grammar, the common school text-book of the day which Shakspere unquestionably was acquainted with. Cf. the Latin lesson in *Merry Wives,* IV, i. The remainder of the quotation is *saluberrimum est:* Getting up early is very healthy.

10. *the four elements:* Cf. note on I, i, 26.

14. *stoup:* cup.

16, 17. *the picture of "we three":* A picture representing *two* asses, while the looker-on, included, read the inscription: "*we three* loggerheads be." Hence Sir Toby's rejoinder, l. 18, Welcome, ass."

18. *a catch:* a song. Singing was well-nigh universal in the days of Merrie England and has always been popular on the stage.

20. *breast:* i.e., voice.

21. *leg:* refers to the "bow," probably at the beginning and the end.

23–5. *Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus:* Seemingly mere noise, a jumble of high-sounding meaningless words, always regarded as amusing. Similarly, the clown says, l. 27, *I did impeticos thy gratillity,* and l. 29, *the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.* Even Sir Andrew, l. 30, calls it "the best fooling."

26. *leman:* sweetheart, lover.

28. *whipstock:* handle of a whip.

34. *testril:* sixpence. A coin with a head on it, from old French *teste* (Modern French, *tête*), head.

37. *good life:* good living; but literal Sir Andrew interprets it, l. 39, as the moral life.

43. *sweeting:* a term of endearment.

52. *sweet and twenty:* a large number — referring, however, to the kisses and not to the age of the lady.

55. *contagious breath:* Sir Toby's foolery, which is beyond Sir Andrew's comprehension. Sir Toby continues, ll. 57–8: *To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.*

58. *shall we make the welkin dance:* i.e., shall we go on a noisy drinking bout? *welkin,* sky, the heavens; originally "clouds."

59, 60. *a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver:* It was an old belief that music had power to draw men's souls from their bodies; cf. the fable of Orpheus. *three . . . out of one* seems to be merely Sir Toby's customary extravagance to denote intensity. The weavers, a class representing an industry of growing importance in Elizabeth's reign and adding to the Puritan element in the population, were especially fond of singing, but, of course, not "catches" of the sort Sir Toby proposes to sing in his carousing.

63–4. *dog at a catch:* i.e., good at a catch, with a quibble on the meaning of catch as "song."

65–6. *"Thou knave":* These words, and the other expressions

in quotation marks spoken by Sir Toby and the clown, are burdens of popular songs of the day, and give license for endless word plays.

75. *caterwauling :* A comparison with the hideous howling of cats.

79. *Cataian :* Cathayan, i.e., a native of Cathay or China, with the implied notion of "cheat." Sir Toby is getting hopelessly drunk again. *politicians,* statesmen,

80. *Peg-a-Ramsey :* The name of a tune, but here used merely as a convenient epithet. In the expressions, ll. 80–1, "*Three merry men be we,*" and l. 83, "*There dwelt a man,*" etc., with their obvious word-plays, Sir Toby bursts into singing.

81. *consanguineous :* related by blood, as Sir Toby explains. In his conduct he has presumed on this throughout.

82. *Tillyvally :* A mere nice-sounding exclamation, which is also used by the Hostess in Sir Falstaff's revels in *II Henry IV*, II, iv, 90, May the name be a popularization from the clown or reveller. "Tityvillus," in the Morality Play, *Mankind,* of the fifteenth century?

88. *natural :* Again, a play on the word in the sense of "idiot."

96. *coziers :* tailors, patchers.

97. *remorse :* compunction. Malvolio's stilted use of language is another characteristic in the make-up of the man.

100. *Sneck up :* A contemptuous phrase. "Shut up," or "go and be hanged."

101. *round :* plain-spoken.

108 ff. Sir Toby and the clown, not heeding Malvolio's scolding messages, scandalously continue singing, the words being wickedly suggested by Malvolio's remarks.

120. *Out o' tune, sir :* Is this said to the clown, or to the steward? Certainly, *ye lie* and the following remarks are addressed to Malvolio.

122–3. *cakes and ale :* i.e., pleasure-making. The mediæval church-festivals, at which there were *cakes and ale* in abundance, had in time become mere occasions for scenes of disorder, and were regarded as causes of great offence by the serious-minded of the population. In l. 149 Maria says of Malvolio, "he is a kind of Puritan," and Sir Toby, showing the prejudice against the extremes which were associated with the name, retorts, "O, if I thought that, I'ld beat him like a dog!" Most commentators have regarded these passages as proof that these features of the play were directed against the sour-faced Puritan type of which Malvolio is taken as a specimen. It may be; but about all that the present passage war-

rants is, that Sir Toby declares: Do you think because you have no zest for pleasure, that all pleasure must cease in the world? Malvolio's personal characteristics are sufficient warrant for Sir Toby's challenge. Even Maria further modifies her description, ll. 156–7, "The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser."

124. *by Saint Anne:* This particular oath of the clown — St. Anne was the mother of the Virgin Mary — might be regarded as particularly obnoxious to Puritan ears.

126–7. *rub your chain with crums:* i.e., mind your own business. The steward's chain, elsewhere referred to (II, v, 65), was Malvolio's badge of office, and Sir Toby, in telling him to "rub" his "chain with crumbs," i.e., polish it and let it shine, was advising him to address himself strictly to his official duties. This public reproof by the steward is sufficient dramatic cause for the undoing of Malvolio which ensues.

130. *uncivil rule:* unseemly behaviour.

132. *Go shake your ears:* Maria means to call Malvolio an ass.

142. *Monsieur:* The contemptuous use of the French title emphasizes Malvolio's self-importance and unpopularity with the rest.

143. *gull:* deceive.

144. *a nayword:* i.e., a watchword, a byword. Originally "an ayword," the *n* of the article becoming misplaced.

144–5. *a common recreation:* i.e., a subject for common recreation, a laughing-stock.

147. *possess us:* tell us.

152. *exquisite:* nice, subtle.

157. *affectioned:* affected.

158. *cons state:* learns by heart arguments of state or methods of procedure.

158–9. *utters it by great swarths* (i.e., swaths): gives it forth in great bundles or volumes. The figure is taken from the bundles of grass that fall at the cuttings of the scythe.

159. *the best persuaded of himself:* full of self-conceit. We say "stuck on himself."

160. *crammed:* i.e., full.

162. *vice:* weakness.

168. *expressure:* expression. Cf. below, II, v, 100, *impressure.*

169. *feelingly personated:* unmistakably described.

178. *a horse of that colour:* A slang expression which is still in use.

179, 180. *And your horse now would make him an ass:* Tyrwhitt acutely thought this remark too astute for Sir Andrew and wished to credit Sir Toby with it.

181. *Ass, I doubt not:* A quibble on "As I doubt not."

184. *plant you:* place you in concealment.

189. *Penthesilea:* Queen of the Amazons. Some see in this a joke on Maria's small size; but surely it is one of Sir Toby's characteristic fulsome compliments on her ability as well as good looks. He continues in his complimentary vein, l. 191, *She's a beagle, true-bred.* Sir Toby as an English hunting-loving country gentleman — for *he* clearly never lived in Illyria or Italy, any more than Sir Andrew and Maria — is complimentary to the best of his ability in comparing Maria's spirit and quickness of wit to his *beagle*, i.e., his keen-scented, blooded hound, and, as we know, in the end he marries her. Indeed, Sir Toby's favorite figures — when he is serious — are all taken from hunting. Cf. II, v, 6, 130.

190. *Before me:* A light oath.

193. *I was adored once too:* Poor Sir Andrew, misled by Sir Toby's use of "adores," l. 192, weakly indulges in a reminiscence. Both knights are getting gloriously drunk.

196. *recover:* win.

196–7. *a foul way out:* i.e., badly out of pocket.

198. *Send for money:* Sir Toby knows full well that Sir Andrew has no chance of winning Olivia, but he is living and drinking at Sir Andrew's expense, who besides furnishes him with company and amusement. Sir Toby even gets Sir Andrew's horse away from him (III, iv, 312).

199. *cut:* An uncomplimentary term.

202. *burn some sack:* mull or heat some wine. *sack*, a dry wine, chiefly from Spain and the Canary Isles; French *sec*, dry. Cf. *canary*, I, iii, 84.

Scene IV

2. *but that:* only that; i.e., I wish for but that.

3. *antique:* quaint (cf. "antic," another form of the same word); opposed to (l. 5) *recollected terms*, i.e., formal and lacking in spontaneity.

4. *Methought:* Cf. note on II, ii, 21. *passion*, i.e., fever of love.

6. *times:* i.e., measures. Not a misprint for "tunes."

8. *so please:* i.e., if it please. Cf. I, iv, 38.

18. *motions:* emotions, movements of the feelings.

21–2. *It gives a very echo to the seat Where Love is throned :* i.e., it reflects the emotions of the heart.

24. *favour :* face, countenance. Hence, l. 25, *by your favour* plays upon this meaning of the word; for Viola's infatuation for the Duke is known to herself and the audience, though not to him. Similarly, l. 26, *Of your complexion*, i.e., of your general appearance.

29–35. *Too old, by heaven*, etc.: It has been argued that these lines contain a reference to Shakspere's marriage with Anne Hathaway, who was "an elder" than himself by eight years. But the lines are naturally placed, and we must not expect to find Shakspere venting personal opinions in the mouth of his characters. Lines 32–5 seem to refer to Orsino's case especially, and a few lines below, 95–105, the Duke himself expresses rather a contradictory opinion because it suits him at the moment to do so. As a true dramatist Shakspere is one of the most impersonal and objective of writers.

30. *wears :* i.e., adapts herself.

31. *sways she level :* reigns securely.

37. *hold the bent :* keep a fixed direction, i.e., remain constant.

41. *even ;* i.e., at the very moment.

43. *it* (i.e., the song) *is old and plain :* Cf. l. 3, *That old and antique* (i.e., quaint) *song.*

44. *the spinsters* (i.e., spinners) *and the knitters in the sun :* In the country villages of Italy one can still see old women and children sitting in the fresh air and sunshine along the roads, knitting or making lace. The editor recalls pleasantly one afternoon in early March, just outside of Rapallo, overlooking the Mediterranean, a number of these lace-makers sitting on the roadside, working industriously and watching the passers-by.

45. *maids that weave their thread with bones :* i.e., lace-makers. *bones*, from which bobbins were formerly made; cf. "bone-lace."

46. *Do use to :* are accustomed to. *silly sooth*, simple truth.

47. *dallies :* plays affectionately.

48. *the old age :* the good old time.

51. Song : Some doubt has been thrown upon its genuineness, as if a later insertion. But its melancholy agrees well with the mood of the Duke and the minor undertone of the play.

52. *sad cypress :* a tree of mourning, like the yew (l. 55) and the willow. The passage probably means, "strewn with cypress branches and twigs" rather than "laid in a coffin of cypress

wood"; so, l. 55, *stuck all with yew*. Some see in it a reference to cypress or Cyprus lawn or crape, i.e., from Cyprus.

57. *My part of death:* i.e., the "part" of "the dying man." A theatrical term, like "woman's part," I, iv, 34.

61. *greet:* beweep, mourn.

71. *pleasure will be paid:* A quibble; we have to pay for pleasures by later annoyances.

73. *Give me now leave to leave thee:* A polite dismissal; in l. 81 he dismisses all the rest.

74. *the melancholy god:* Cf. Milton's *Il Penseroso*, 11, 12, "Hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy, Hail, divinest Melancholy!"

75–6. *changeable taffeta:* a glossy silk material whose color and appearance varied with the light or shimmer on it. The *opal* stone has similar qualities.

86. *giddily:* indifferently.

87. *that miracle and queen of gems* is the Duke's pompous expression for "that beauty." The meaning is that it is her gifts of nature and not her gifts of fortune, her beauty and not her wealth, which attracts me.

91–4. *Say that some lady*, etc.: Viola states her own case to the Duke, the audience, being in the secret, enjoying the circumstances.

96. *Can bide:* i.e., which can bide. The omission of the relative pronoun, as often. *bide*, endure, hold out against.

98. *lack retention:* i.e., lack the power to retain. The Duke is contradictory with his former opinion in ll. 32–5, as applied to his own case now and his page's then.

100. *motion of the liver:* i.e., emotion of love, the liver being the seat of love. Cf. note on I, i, 37. *the palate*, the seat of the appetite.

101. *That:* The antecedent is contained in *their love* (l. 99), i.e., the love of them. *cloyment*, cloying.

103. *compare:* comparison. The verb as noun form.

105, 107. *owe:* have for, possess for — almost in the later sense of "owe to."

109. *loved:* i.e., who loved. The frequent omission of the relative is chiefly due to metrical reasons.

110–1. *As . . . I should your lordship:* Viola reiterates her love for the Duke, but he cannot suspect what the audience knows.

116–7. *like patience on a monument, Smiling at grief:* Shakspere repeats the same interesting figure in other words in the part of *Pericles* (V, i, 139, 140) which he wrote, and, something he alone

could do, surpassed himself: "Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling Extremity out of act."

119. *Our shows are more than will:* our professions are greater than our desires to do.

123. *yet I know not:* The lingering doubt as to her brother's death, mentioned in I, ii, 4–21, is again uttered, and holds the audience in readiness for the sequel.

126. *denay:* denial.

Scene V

1. *Come thy ways:* come on. The origin of *ways* is a genitive case used adverbially; cf. "always."

2. *a scruple:* the least part.

3–4. *boiled to death with melancholy:* an extravagant way of saying, "meet my death through melancholy."

6. *sheep-biter:* i.e., cur. An epithet applied to Malvolio. It has already been noticed (II, iii, 191) that as a country gentleman Sir Toby's mind dwells on his dogs and horses.

9–10. *bear-baiting:* a favorite form of amusement, already mentioned by Sir Andrew as one of his pastimes. Cf. cock-fighting in some parts of our country and the bull-fighting in Spain. Like the church-festivals already discussed (II, iii, 122–3), bear-baiting was particularly obnoxious to the Puritans. Macaulay's epigrammatic gibe is readily recalled: "The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Indeed, he generally contrived to enjoy the double pleasure of tormenting both spectators and bear."

12. *black and blue:* thoroughly.

15. *the little villain:* intended as a term of admiration on the part of Sir Toby, as, in the next line, *my metal of India*, i.e., true gold, the Indies being regarded as the land of gold, there being involved, as usual, a word-play on "mettle."

17. *box-tree:* which concealed by reason of the thickness of its branches. Shakspere had made use of an extremely effective tree-scene in his early comedy, *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV, iii, where each of the forsworn lovers conceals himself in turn; and the concealment in the orchard whereby Beatrice and Benedick were hoodwinked (*Much Ado*, II, iii and III, i) will be remembered.

22. *Close:* i.e., keep close or hidden and still.

27. *she:* i.e., Olivia. *affect*, love. So *fancy* in the next line; cf. the use of the noun "fancy" above.

29. *complexion:* looks or general appearance. Cf. II, iv, 24, 26.

34. *Contemplation:* musing on himself alone, self-love. Cf. l. 22, "contemplative idiot"; also l. 39, "To be Count Malvolio!"

35–6. *jets under his advanced plumes:* struts pompously like a turkey-cock or pea-fowl spreading its feathers (plumes).

37. *'Slight:* i.e., God's light. Sir Andrew's characteristic oath. *so*, under these circumstances, as he "plumes" himself.

38. *Peace:* i.e., keep still. Here and in ll. 42, 91, this word is put in Sir Toby's mouth. But it was Fabian who says this above in l. 34, and below in ll. 46, 56, 62, 70, 82, and it is more in keeping with Fabian's character throughout than with impulsive Sir Toby, and perhaps should read so. In that case the ascriptions to ll. 90 and 91–2 would be simply exchanged.

41. *Pistol him:* i.e., shoot him.

43–4. *the lady of the Strachy:* Seemingly a notable instance of a misalliance similar to the one here suggested; but nothing more is known of this particular case than is told here.

45. *Jezebel:* It is Sir Andrew who utters this imprecation, and it is just possible that he meant a demon, Beelzebub, rather than a shrewish, wicked woman. Both are taken from the Bible, and Sir Andrew had been taught his catechism in his youth.

47. *imagination blows:* i.e., the thought of it puffs him up.

49. *state:* majesty, or specifically, chair of state. Cf. l. 57, *humour of state*, the airs of a person of exalted station.

50. *stone-bow:* i.e., cross-bow, for flinging stones.

52. *branched:* covered with branches or figures of flowers and leaves.

58. *a demure travel of regard:* letting my gaze travel gravely around.

61. *Bolts and shackles!* — to which Sir Toby wishes Malvolio at once subjected. Cf. above, l. 55, "Fire and brimstone!"

65. *play with my* — Malvolio probably was about to say "chain"; but he suddenly stops in confusion, remembering it was his badge as steward. Cf. II, iii, 126–7.

66. *courtesies:* i.e., makes a respectful bow.

69–70. *drawn . . . with cars:* "Cart-horses" and many other meanings have been suggested for "cars"; but the meaning is plain — that which pulls violently.

76. *Cousin Toby:* Cf. I, iii, 5.

81. *scab!* A term of disgust, which is repeated in its use to-day

when applied in labor agitations to those workmen who take the place of the strikers.

90. *woodcock:* fool. A common epithet, because the bird was easily deceived and trapped, and hence regarded as foolish. *gin*, trap.

95–6. *in contempt of question:* beyond any doubt.

100. *wax:* was formerly in general use in sealing letters. *impressure*, impression. Cf. above, II, iii, 168, *expressure*, expression.

103. *liver and all:* Here again, the liver is regarded as the seat of the emotions. Cf. I, i, 37.

109. *numbers:* i.e., metre.

111. *brock:* badger. Another of Sir Toby's hunting figures. The reference is probably to Maria and seemingly intended in Sir Toby's rough manner as a word of praise. Cf. 118, "Excellent wench."

113. *a Lucrece knife:* Pictures of Lucrece were current with a knife prominently stuck through her breast. The subject was also engraved upon or cut into gems and so used as a seal. The story of Lucrece or Lucretia, who, wronged, by Tarquin, took her own life rather than live disgraced, was told by Shakspere in a long early poem in 1594, and references to the story as something perfectly familiar are frequent in the plays.

116. *fustian:* high-sounding and nonsensical.

121. *the staniel checks:* the hawk in flying stops or turns aside. Another figure of hunting from Sir Toby.

125. *formal:* i.e., ordinary, sane.

126. *obstruction:* difficulty.

130. *O, ay:* The folio spells, *O, I*, and there is evident play on the vowel sounds.

130–1. *at a cold scent:* Sir Toby continues his hunting metaphors, which Fabian takes up. Hence, l. 132, *Sowter* (literally, cobbler), the name of a hound; *cry upon't*, bark at losing the scent; and, ll. 136–7, *the cur is excellent at faults* (i.e., when thrown off the scent or trail).

138–9. *no consonancy in the sequel:* i.e., no agreement in the last letter with my theory.

139. *under probation:* when tested.

141. *O shall end:* i.e., He shall end by crying O! upon being beat for his insolence.

143. *I comes behind:* i.e., the letter I follows.

144. *Ay . . . eye behind:* A quibble on the preceding line.

144–5. *you might see more detraction at your heels:* i.e., you might see behind you, among those peeping, more persons bent on ruining you.

148–9. *to crush this a little, it would bow to me:* alter this a little, it would conform to my interpretation.

149. *one of these letters are:* Despite the singular subject, the verb is attracted into the plural by the conjunction of the plural noun.

151. *revolve:* turn it over in your mind, reflect on it.

151–2. *In my stars:* Another astrological reference. Cf. I, iii, 140, 144–5.

155. *'em:* a familiar usage for "them," rather frequent in Shakspere's plays; really, a dialectal form.

156. *blood and spirit:* i.e., courage.

157. *like:* likely — as often.

157–8. *cast thy humble slough* (i.e., skin): The metaphor is taken from the usage of snakes.

158–9. *opposite with:* contradictory toward.

160. *arguments of state:* Cf. II, iii, 158.

161. *trick of singularity:* i.e., eccentricity.

163. *yellow stockings:* The fashion still survives with the Blue Coat boys near London.

164. *cross-gartered:* This fashion, with garters or bands about the leg above and below the knee, crossing and meeting behind, was still affected by the Puritans in Elizabeth's day, long after being given up by the fashionables.

165. *thou art made:* i.e., thy fortunes are made.

168–9. *alter services:* exchange services, i.e., become thy servant in love.

170. *champain:* unobstructed open country over which one can see a great distance. *discovers*, a verb form in *-s* with two subjects. It is a frequent idiom in Shakspere and is probably of dialectal origin.

171. *I will be:* The will or determination is emphasized.

171–2. *politic authors:* authors on political philosophy, such as Machiavelli, author of the famous "Prince." Cf. II, ii, 79, "we are politicians."

173. *point-devise:* exactly, in every particular.

175. *jade:* fail, deceive. A "jade" was originally a worthless sort of horse.

181. *strange:* eccentric. Perhaps, "distant, haughty." So the next word, *stout*, overbearing.

183–4. *Jove and my stars:* Mythology and astrology are both combined. This sudden use of "Jove" — an affectation of the "fine gentleman" of the day — shows the transformation that has come over Malvolio, the steward, and possible Puritan. It is hardly, as some see, a substitution for "God," in accordance with a well-known statute of James I, prohibiting the use of the name of the Deity.

188. *still:* continually — as often.

194. *Sophy:* the Shah of Persia.

195. *I could marry this wench:* Sir Toby, we may be sure, had already been thinking about it, and he actually does marry Maria in the end. The speech prepares the audience for the outcome. Sir Toby immediately proposes (l. 202): *Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?* i.e., I am conquered. Wilt thou command me? Be my wife.

204. *tray-trip:* a game of dice.

211. *aqua-vitæ:* i.e., ardent spirits. It would seem midwives were proverbially given to tippling.

222. *To the gates of Tartar:* i.e., to the lowest parts of hell.

ACT III

SCENE I

1. *Save:* i.e., God save.

2. *tabor:* a small drum, affected by clowns.

4. *churchman:* ecclesiastic. But the clown quibbles as usual.

12. *You have said, sir:* A Biblical affirmation: "Very true, sir."

13. *cheveril:* kid. From the Old French.

16. *dally nicely:* play subtly.

23–4. *words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them:* Words, when accurately defined, are placed in "bonds"; but "bonds" — with a quibble — are a sign of public disgrace, and so "words are . . . rascals." The clown's reasoning — and quibbling — are not to be taken more seriously by us than by Viola. He himself tells us (l. 40) that he is a "corrupter of words."

38. *pilchards:* fish, much like the herring.

41. *late:* i.e., lately.

44. *but the fool should be:* i.e., if the fool should not be.

45–6. *your wisdom:* banteringly, for he has just dubbed Viola "fool" (l. 44).

48. *expenses:* money to spend, a gift, a tip.

49. *commodity:* cargo.

51–3. It is not the "beard," but a husband behind the beard, that Viola is "almost sick for."

56. *Lord Pandarus of Phrygia*, who brought Troilus and Cressida together. See Chaucer's great poem, *Troylus and Criseyde*, and (in quite different spirit from Chaucer) Shakspere's play, *Troilus and Cressida*.

63. *welkin:* sky. Cf. II, iii, 58.

63–4. *element:* Cf. I, i, 26.

69. *like the haggard* (i.e., untamed hawk). *check* (i.e., turn aside). Cf. II, v, 121.

72–3. Folly is justified in a fool; but wise men, given over to folly ("folly-fall'n"), make themselves ridiculous and pitiful ("quite taint their wit").

76. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur:* God save you, sir.

77. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur:* And you too; your servant.

79. *encounter:* go and seek.

80. *trade:* business.

82–3. Viola returns to her figure of shipping which had been used in her former visit. Cf. I, v, 214.

83. *list:* goal.

84. *Taste:* test, try. That Sir Toby's language is affected, Viola's reply, in not understanding him, shows. But Sir Toby was merely paying Viola in her own coin. See above, ll. 82–3.

89. *gait:* walking; with a quibble on "gate," entrance.

90. *prevented:* anticipated. Latin, *præ-venire*, come before, anticipate.

91. *Most excellent*, etc.: Viola continues in her exalted strain as in keeping with her "part"; only when she forgets herself is she natural. The style is the man, and the excessive "rain odours" calls forth from Sir Toby the observation: "That youth's a rare courtier." Shakspere satirizes the affectations of "courtier" speech — of which "Euphuism" was only one — in what was probably his earliest comedy, *Love's Labour's Lost*, but finds use for them as long as he continued writing comedies.

95. *matter:* subject of discourse.

96. *pregnant:* favorably disposed. *vouchsafed*, willing.

106. *lowly feigning:* i.e., pretended humbleness of demeanor and language.

108. *And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:* The common

dialectic of the sonnets and love-poems of the day. Cf. the second stanza of Sidney's "Ditty":

"His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides;
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his."

110. *For:* i.e., as for.

111. *blanks:* pieces of paper not written on, and so used of the lottery which was formerly in common use in this country and is still so on the continent of Europe.

115. *another suit:* i.e., another's, Viola's own, suit.

117. *music from the spheres:* A common expression. The notion seems derived from the doctrine of Pythagoras, the Greek sage, that harmony was the fundamental principle of the universe. This became worked out into rather a complicated scheme. The earth was accepted as in the centre of things, surrounded by concentric diaphanous spheres or globes. The outermost of these spheres contained the fixed stars as a background, and the interior ones the planets, the sun and the moon. By different motions of the concentric spheres, one inside the other, the varying motion of the planets was accounted for. This motion of the spheres, based on a fixed or harmonious relation, the sounds of the seven planets corresponding to the seven notes of the gamut, produced the "music of the spheres," which was imperceptible to human ears.

120. *abuse:* misuse, impose upon.

122. *hard construction:* harsh judgment and criticism.

124. *might:* could. A survival of a meaning well-nigh universal in Old English.

125–6. *set . . . at the stake and baited:* The figure is taken from the bear-baiting already referred to. Cf. above, II, v, 9–10.

127. *To one of your receiving:* i.e., to one with your quick intelligence, as shown in the scene where Viola received the ring. Cf. II, ii, 13.

128–9. *a cypress, not a bosom, Hides my heart: cypress* was a sort of crape or lawn stuff originally made in Cyprus; *bosom* is the part of the body covering the heart. But the passage is metaphorical: My heart is filled with longing and mourning and does not beat happily.

130. *I pity you :* Olivia cannot suspect how true these words of Viola are — only the audience knows.

130. *degree,* and l. 131, *grize,* step, have the same meaning and are different forms from the same Latin original, *gradus.*

131. *'t is a vulgar proof :* it is often proved, it is a common experience.

133. *methinks :* it seems to me. *me* is a dative and *thinks* is used impersonally. Cf. *methought,* II, ii, 21, and II, iv, 4.

140. *proper :* handsome.

141. *westward-ho !* The cry of the boatmen on the Thames in London to attract passengers. Charles Kingsley took the phrase for the title of his well-known novel dealing with the settlement of America a few years after this play was written.

143. *you'll nothing :* i.e., you'll send nothing. Verbs of motion, easily implied, are often omitted.

145. *I prithee :* i.e., I pr'y thee, I pray thee. Sometimes the pronoun is omitted, and we have simply "Prithee," I pray thee.

146. *you are not what you are :* i.e., you forget your dignity and rank in falling in love with a mere page. In l. 148, Viola's *I am not what I am,* is more literal, though Olivia, not suspecting her disguise, cannot understand it.

151. *now I am your fool :* now you are making sport of me. Viola, at first serious in her reply, puts Olivia off lightly.

157. *maugre :* in spite of. A French word.

161. *For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :* Because I woo, thou, therefore, hast no cause to refrain from wooing.

166. *that no woman has :* This quibbling answer is exactly the counterpart of Rosalind's declarations, "And I for no woman," in the Forest of Arden to Phebe, who has fallen in love with her disguised as a man: *As You Like It,* V, ii, 94, 99, 108. *nor never none.* A triple negative with merely added intensifying force.

Scene II

2. *dear venom :* Sir Toby thus addresses Sir Andrew on account of the unusually violent language he has just permitted himself.

12. *'Slight :* Sir Andrew's oath again. Cf. II, v, 37.

16. *before Noah was a sailor :* The references to Biblical characters in Shakspere, generally in the mouths of his comic personages, may be traced commonly to the early Miracle Plays, rather than directly to the Bible.

19. *dormouse valour:* i.e., valour no better than that of a dormouse lying fast asleep and doing nothing.

20. *brimstone in your liver:* Sir Toby again refers to the "liver" as the seat of courage. Cf. I, i, 37.

21. *accosted:* addressed. Cf. I, iii, 52.

22. *fire-new:* brand-new; and "brand" is related to "burn," i.e., "burnt."

24. *balked:* left undone.

24–5. *the double gilt of this opportunity:* i.e., the doubly gilded (more than usually favorable) opportunity. *wash off*, wear off — said of "gilt." The metaphor is at once changed by the florid Sir Toby to one of sailing.

26. *sailed into the north:* The *north* is the region of cold and, hence, of disfavor.

28. *A Dutchman's beard:* The Dutch were great sailors and discoverers in the sixteenth century, particularly in the Northern seas. Nova Zembla had just been discovered by them in 1596, a few years before this play was written.

31–2. *policy . . . politician:* The prejudice against the principles laid down in Machiavelli's "Prince" and against the political influence of the Church in Protestant England in the sixteenth century had given these words a bad sense. They no longer suggested "state-craft" and "statesman," but "political intrigue" and "intriguer." The word "politician" in America usually conveys a bad sense.

31. *a Brownist:* Sir Toby has already expressed his feelings towards Puritans (II, iii, 150); he now refers to a particular sect of Independents or Congregationalists, which was founded by Robert Brown in 1581 and which long kept his name.

33. *build me:* This, as well as l. 34, *Challenge me*, and l. 41, *bear me*, are further examples of the use of the so-called "ethical" dative. *me* is the person interested in every case, though in modern speech we should not find it necessary to use the pronoun.

37. *love-broker:* agent, go-between.

43. *curst:* i.e., violent or excessive in language.

46. *if thou thou'st him:* i.e., if thou address him by "thou" to denote contempt. The use of "thou" — the second person singular — was originally used, as still in Germany and France, to denote intimate family relationship or great inferiority. To use it, therefore, towards a stranger, presumedly one's equal, was to insult him.

49. *bed of Ware :* an historic bed once in Ware, in Hertfordshire, nearly eleven feet square.

51. *goose-pen :* quill. Used for writing. There is an evident quibble on "gall," l. 50, and the notion of "goose-livered," cowardly. Cf. l. 64.

54. *call thee :* i.e., call for thee. *cubiculo*, inn. Literally, chamber of an inn or convent. Note Sir Toby's Italianate appellation — a current affectation, when it was the finishing touch to an English gentleman's education to make a tour to Italy.

55. *manakin :* little man, puppet. Sir Andrew is not a real or manly "man."

62. *hale :* haul, bring.

64. *blood in his liver :* The liver being regarded as the seat of courage, to have no blood in the liver was a sign of cowardice. Cf. "white-livered."

66. *opposite :* opponent.

68. *youngest wren of nine :* Assuming nine as the typical number of a brood, and the youngest was the smallest. The reference, while admiring, seems to be to Maria's slightness.

70. *spleen :* fit of laughter, but usually an outburst of malice or anger. In the eighteenth century it became almost synonymous with "depression" — our "blues" or "blue devils." Cf. Green's poem on "The Spleen," advocating outdoor exercise as a cure: "Fling but a stone, the giant dies." *will*, wish to. Cf. II, i, 14.

71. *stitches :* sharp, darting pains in the side. We say, "die from laughing."

72. *renegado :* a mere expletive of "turned heathen," just before.

75. *passages of grossness :* instances of absurdity.

78. *pedant :* pedagogue, teacher.

83–4. *the new map with the augmentation of the Indies :* Adventurous discoveries, as already intimated, were quite the order of the day in Elizabeth's reign. Precisely what map is referred to, may not be ascertained; but in 1599, a year or two before this play was written, an edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages* contained such a map of the Indies, and it may have been this, or another. *augmentation*, addition.

Scene III

2. *you make your pleasure of your pains :* i.e., you are pleased to give yourself this trouble. The conjunction of "pleasure" and "pains" has already been used in II, iv, 67, 70.

8. *jealousy:* anxiety.

15. The dots indicate that there is an omission and that the passage is corrupt.

16. *uncurrent:* not current, worthless.

17. *worth:* wealth.

19, 20. *go see:* i.e., go to see, go and see. Cf. *go hunt*, I, i, 16.

19. *reliques:* antiquities, sights. Travelers have always found Italy unusually fascinating in this regard. The word can hardly refer to saints' "relics." Cf. ll. 23–4, "memorials and the things of fame That do renown this city."

26. *count his:* i.e., count's. This collocation, not uncommon in Elizabethan writing, was a mistaken idea as to the origin of the possessive, and so often substituted for it.

28. *would scarce be answer'd:* i.e., would be difficult to defend myself at trial. In l. 33, *answered* is "requited," compensated for.

36. *lapsed:* caught inadvertently straying, taken by surprise.

39. *Elephant:* the name of an inn, indicated by a sign with an elephant painted on.

42. *have me:* i.e., find me.

Scene IV

2. *bestow of:* i.e., bestow on.

5. *sad:* serious-minded.

24. *sonnet:* i.e., song — and not yet restricted in its meaning to the imitation of the Italian fourteen-lined form of verse. Malvolio quotes the refrain or title of the song.

28. *black in my mind:* i.e., evil or unfavorably minded.

31. *Roman hand:* i.e., handwriting with Roman or Latin lettering.

38–9. *nightingales answer daws:* A proverbial expression, as we have had instances before.

42–59. Malvolio quotes phrases and passages from the decoy letter he picked up and believes to be Olivia's.

43. *writ:* i.e., written. A shortened form of the participle, as in many verbs; though, in this case, the language has come back to the full form with the ending. Cf. "drunk" and "drunken"; "broke" and "broken," etc., where the full form has an adjective use and the shortened form is the participle. *writ*, which is often found as a past tense, is from an old preterite plural, while "wrote" is from the old preterite singular.

60. *midsummer madness :* This was a temporary aberration supposed to be due to the heat of summer. It was a proverbial expression. Cf. the title and the incidents of *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

68. *miscarry ;* come to harm.

69. *do you come near me now ?* are you at last beginning to understand me?

77. *consequently :* subsequently.

80. *limed :* caught; used of catching birds with "bird-lime," a sticky substance put on the twigs, adhering to their feet and impeding them.

81. *Jove's . . . Jove :* So l. 90, *Jove.* Some have supposed this a misprint for "Love." But *Jove* was a favorite expression with the courtier and the hangers-on of courtiers, like the clowns, as has already been seen; cf. II, v, 183–4. Malvolio is already trying to live up to his new aspirations and play the courtier, and he is consequently trying, almost in vain, to swear by Jove.

83. *fellow :* Malvolio uses it in its strict sense, conveying the idea of fellowship or companionship.

85–6. *no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple :* the smallest appreciable part. Cf. *a scruple,* II, v, 2. There is also a play on the words.

86. *incredulous :* not easily capable of belief.

94. *Legion himself possessed him :* Cf. Luke viii. 30.

97. *private :* i.e., privacy — the adjective for the noun.

111. *wise woman :* one skilled in witchcraft and who, presumably, could effect a cure.

122. *my bawcock :* my fine fellow. French, *beau coq.* So l. 123, *chuck,* from "chicken."

125. *Ay, Biddy, come with me :* Seemingly, the refrain of an old song.

126. *gravity :* a thoughtful, dignified man. *play at cherry-pit,* i.e., be on intimate terms. *cherry-pit* was seemingly a children's game, played with cherry-stones and holes in the ground, or on a board.

127. *collier :* A name applied to Satan, owing to the blackness from carrying coals, and possibly with some additional reference to a fire.

134. *element :* sort.

137–8. *If this were played upon a stage . . . an improbable fiction :* Almost the same idea is found above, I, v, 205–6. Shakspere had a fondness for references to the stage and the playwright's craft.

139. *genius :* spirit.

140. *device :* scheme.

141–2. *take air and taint :* become known and fail.

150–1. *bring the device to the bar and crown thee :* i.e., formally examine by legal process into the success of the scheme, have judgment passed upon it, give the reward of merit due thee for success.

153. *matter for a May morning :* May-day was an especial occasion with the people for festivity and jollification.

161. *admire :* wonder — as often. Latin, *admirari*, wonder. *nor . . . not.* Another instance of the frequent double negative.

177. *o' the windy side :* i.e., on the favorable side — the wind blowing to one.

187. *commerce :* conversation.

188. *by and by :* at once.

189. *scout me :* i.e., look out. *me* is another instance of the ethical dative; cf. I, ii, 53, and III, ii, 33, 34, 41.

190. *bum-baily :* subordinate bailiff or sheriff's officer.

192. *horrible :* i.e., horribly. Adjective from for the adverb. So below, l. 218, *too unchary*, i.e., too carelessly.

194–5. *approbation :* confirmation.

211. *cockatrices :* fabled serpents who killed by the glance of the eye. "Basilisk" is another term and the comparison is a frequent one in Shakspere. In the *Wars of Alexander*, a work of the Middle English period, there is told a story of putting one of these terrible creatures to death. The soldiers come upon a basilisk asleep; Alexander, ever prompt, makes a mirror "as large as a barn door," the soldiers place it conveniently in front, make a noise to disturb and awaken the monster, who, thereupon, raises his head, looks at himself in the glass, and promptly dies.

213. *presently !* immediately! Cf. l. 188, *by and by.*

222. *'haviour :* i.e., *behaviour.* The fixed demands of metre often cause cutting off the first syllable of polysyllables, usually of Latin origin.

228. *honour saved :* i.e., except honor.

240. *dismount thy tuck ;* unsheathe thy sword. *yare*, ready; quick.

249. *opposite :* opponent. So l. 287, below.

251. *withal :* with ; frequently used, as here, merely as a strengthened form of the preposition.

252. *what is he ?* Cf. *what's she*, I, ii, 35.

253. *unhatched:* i.e., unhacked, unused.

254. *on carpet consideration:* i.e., a "carpet-knight"; not one who had won his honors on the field of battle.

256. *incensement:* anger.

258. *by pangs of death and sepulchre:* i.e., by fighting to the death. So, l. 281, *to a mortal arbitrement*, to a decision resulting in the death of one or the other.

259. *Hob, nob:* have or not have, "give or take."

261. *conduct:* escort. Cf. "conductor."

263. *taste:* test, try. Cf. III, i, 84.

264. *quirk:* caprice, sort.

272. *wear iron:* i.e., wear a sword.

274. *know:* learn.

286. *proof:* test.

291. *much bound:* much obliged.

292–3. *sir priest . . . sir knight:* A common title, whether of "knight" or "priest."

296. *firago:* Sir Toby's dialect for "virago." With Sir Toby another, and stronger, name for "devil." *pass*, bout at fencing.

298. *stuck:* thrust.

301. *Sophy:* the Shah. Cf. above, II, v, 194.

302. *Pox on't:* a variation of "Plague on't," l. 305.

309. *Capilet* is the name of Sir Andrew's horse, which Sir Toby cozens him of.

311–2. *without the perdition of souls:* without any one getting hurt or killed.

314. *take up:* make up.

316. *conceited of:* impressed through his imagination by.

321. *for's:* i.e., for his.

324. *for the supportance of his vow:* i.e., to fulfil his vow.

331. *duello:* code of duelling.

337. *Enter Antonio:* Viola is mistaken by Antonio for her brother Sebastian, and runs to the rescue. He names "Sebastian," l. 393. Hence the misunderstanding and reproaches, ll. 374–397.

343. *undertaker:* i.e., taker up of quarrels.

351. *bear you easily and reins well:* This is said by Sir Andrew of his horse, which Sir Toby is taking possession of.

356. *favour:* face, countenance — as before.

373. *present:* i.e., present money.

375. *deserts:* kindnesses deserving as fair return. Cf. ll. 378–9

376. *lack persuasion:* need arguments to persuade.

382. *vainness :* boasting.

390. *venerable :* reverential.

395. *unkind :* unnatural.

397. *o'erflourished :* painted over.

400. *passion :* strong emotion — here not, as before, specifically "love."

402. *imagination :* surmise.

406. *saws :* proverbial sayings, often in rhymed couplets.

408. *Yet living in my glass :* i.e., still by looking in my glass — for he is the very image of me so dressed.

411. *prove :* prove true.

419. *'Slid :* A variation of Sir Andrew's favorite oath, "'S light." Cf. II, iii, v, and III, ii, 2.

ACT IV

SCENE I

1–2. *will you make me believe that I am not sent for you ?* Antonio, Sebastian's friend, had mistaken Viola for her brother. The clown now mistakes Sebastian, the brother, for Viola, the sister, dressed as page. The situation is very much the same as in *The Comedy of Errors*, I, ii, when Dromio of *Ephesus*, seeking for his master, meets Antipholus of *Syracuse* on the street and expostulates in the same fashion. The passage, ll. 4–9, where the clown in mockery says: "No, I do not know you; nor I am sent to you by my lady," etc., etc., may be compared with the passage in the earlier play:

> "The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
> The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
> My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
> She is so hot because the meat is cold;
> The meat is cold because you come not home;
> You come not home because you have no stomach;
> You have no stomach having broke your fast;
> . . . . . .
> I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
> I from my mistress come to you in post."

Antipholus finally exclaims: "What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face?" as Sebastian here asks: "I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me."

5–9. *No . . . . not . . . nor . . . not . . . nor . . . not . . . nor . . . not . . . neither . . . Nothing . . .* The negatives are piled upon one another in the intensity of the clown's sarcasm to emphasize the seeming negative notion.

10. *vent :* utter.

14. *lubber :* heavy fellow.

15. *cockney :* There has been much discussion and difference of opinion as to the origin and meaning of this word. A spirited set of contributions on the subject will be found in the London *Academy*, 1890, vol. xxxviii. The word "Cockney" to-day refers to a Londoner, and, more specifically, one born within the sound of Bow bells — the bells of the church of St. Mary-le-bow, near the centre of the old city. The name, perhaps, signified in its origin, "Cock egg," or "cockling egg." It was long used, as here, for a spoiled, petted child, an effeminate person; and hence the passage — *à propos* of Viola's bearing as Cesario, the supposed man and necessarily an effeminate one — seems to mean: I am afraid that everybody in the world will become affected and effeminate. Cf. also C. P. G. Scott, *Transactions of the American Philological Association*, xxiii, 206 ff.

19. *foolish Greek :* foolish reveller. The name seems to be derived from the habit of public masquerading formerly in great vogue; the masqueraders assuming costumes and characters from other countries and indulging in free conversation with the onlookers.

24–5. *after fourteen years' purchase :* i.e., after paying well for it. From this, it seems that land at "fourteen years' purchase," i.e., bought at fourteen years' return, was regarded as high; in Shakspere's day it seems usually to have been sold at "twelve years' purchase."

32. *straight :* straightway.

34. *Come on :* i.e., come. Cf. II, v, 1, "Come thy ways."

36–7. *action of battery :* i.e., action in the law courts for assault and battery. *Battery* is derived from the French verb *battre*, strike.

42. *iron :* sword. Cf. III, iv, 272.

43. *fleshed :* eager for fight. An expression seemingly used of dogs that have been fed on flesh.

47. *malapert :* saucy.

54. *Rudesby :* rude one.

56–7. *extent Against :* i.e., attack upon. The expression is derived from the "writ of extent," or, specifically, "writ of *extendi facias*," a legal phrase from the form for suing a debtor to the Crown.

65. *Lethe :* the stream of forgetfulness in the lower regions.

Scene II

1. *gown:* the official dress of the priest. Cf. l. 7. It seems he was also bearded.

2. *Sir Topas:* The priest is called *Sir* as before in III, iv, 292–3, Chaucer used the name in a fragment of verse in the *Canterbury Tales* in burlesque form, which was begun as his own contribution to the pilgrims' entertainment, but was interrupted by the impulsive Host.

3. *curate:* the parish priest in charge.

8. *become the function:* suit the part, i.e., office of curate.

9–10. *to be said:* to be called.

10. *housekeeper:* We should say "business man" or "man of affairs," one with administrative capacity.

12. *competitors:* confederates.

14. *Bonos dies:* Spanish for "Good days," i.e., God give you good days, God keep you and bless you. The clown, impersonating the priest, chooses Spanish, because many foreign priests in England had come from Spain, partly through a natural tendency in the church but chiefly through the Spanish marriage and connections with the royal house of England.

15–16. *Prague* is the capital city of Bohemia, and *King Gorboduc* gives the title to the earliest tragedy in English literature in 1565. The "hermit" and the "niece" seem to be the spontaneous inventions of the clown's wit. Douce sought to identify the hermit with the one of Camaldoli in Tuscany, who was from Prague; much more likely in a day of English Reformation the clown had vaguely in mind some faint recollection of the religious disturbances in Prague, in the fifteenth century, associated with John Huss.

28. *hyperbolical:* i.e., diabolical. The clown assumes that Sir priest talks mostly nonsense. Cf. the absurdities of "transparent as barricadoes," ll. 39, 40; l. 40, "clearstories toward the South North"; and, l. 41, "lustrous as ebony."

35. *modest:* moderate — as often.

40. *clearstories:* A term in church architecture. "The upper story of a church," perforated by a range of windows which form the principal source of light for the central portions of the building.

47. *Egyptians in their fog:* See *Exodus* x. 21.

51–2. *make the trial of it in any constant question:* i.e., test it by asking some sensible question, demanding a consistent answer.

53. *opinion of Pythagoras:* i.e., as to the transmigration of souls. We have mentioned him already in connection with the fancy of the "music of the spheres." Cf. III, i, 117.

62. *allow of:* admit of, cause to be acknowledged, as in I, ii, 59.

62–3. *woodcock:* here the actual bird, and not in the usual figurative sense of "gull." Cf. II, v, 90.

67. *I am for all waters:* i.e., I am ready for anything.

75–6. *upshot:* conclusion.

77. *Hey, Robin, jolly Robin:* The lines are well known, and may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.*

80. *perdy:* An English corruption of the French, *par Dieu.*

91. *fell you besides:* i.e., lose. *five wits,* so numbered from analogy with the "five senses."

92–3. *notoriously abused:* horribly ill-treated.

97. *propertied:* treated me like mere property or chattels. Perhaps there is present the theatrical notion of "stage-property" stored away.

98. *ministers:* priests. The reference is to the clown playing the part of Sir Topas. So l. 100. It may be the Puritan in Malvolio which calls them *asses.*

110. *shent:* scolded. Literally, put to shame.

131–8. *Like to the old Vice . . . with dagger of lath,* etc.: The "Vice" was the comic figure, the direct ancestor of Shakspere's clowns, in the Morality Plays of the Fifteenth Century. He was an attendant upon the greater figure of the Devil and made fun of him something like a fool's zany. Cf. I, v, 95. "Pare thy nails, dad," l. 137, is addressed impudently by the "Vice" to the Devil. This making a comical and absurd figure of the Devil is thoroughly characteristic, and survives in the title of Ben Jonson's play, *The Devil is An Ass.*

Scene III

6. *credit:* rumor, belief.

12. *all instance:* every precedent. *all discourse,* every form of reasoning or deduction.

15. *trust:* belief.

21. *deceivable:* deceiving, deceptive; used in an active sense.

24. *chantry:* chapel. Originally one where masses were chanted for the soul of the founder. Cf. ii, 40, *clearstories,* a portion of the church.

29. *Whiles:* until. "Whiles" is originally a genitive case form

used adverbially, and "while" is the corresponding accusative form similarly used. *come to note*, be made known.

30. *What time:* i.e., when. *celebration*, i.e., of the marriage service.

35. *fairly:* favorably.

ACT V

SCENE I

5–6. *give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again:* Such a story is told of a man, who, when offered anything he desired in exchange for his dog, asked for his dog again.

20–3. *conclusions to be as kisses, etc.:* The clown had before engaged in syllogisms with Olivia (I, v, 46–77). Now he tries his dialectic skill with the Duke. The basis of his conjunction of "conclusions" and "kisses" is evidently that in grammar and logic four negatives make two affirmatives, and four lips (of two pairs) come together into a mutual kiss.

29. *double-dealing:* cheating. A quibble. The clown is asking for a repetition of the gift of the gold coin. Whereupon, the Duke replies in kind, ll. 34–5, "I will be so much a sinner, to be a double dealer: there's another," i.e., another coin. The clown is still equal to his good fortune and continues, l. 36, "*Primo, secundo, tertio* (i.e., first, second, third), is a good play," i.e., There's luck in odd numbers — and he audaciously asks for a third gold piece, playing on the uses of "three" and its cognates. But the Duke refuses to give more: "You can fool no more money out of me at this throw, i.e., venture (throw of the dice) or time.

38. *triplex:* triple time, i.e., the waltz.

39. *bells of Saint Bennet:* There was a nursery rhyme which told what the different bells say. According to the clown, l. 40, it struck "one, two, three." St. Bennet's was in the city just across the river from the Globe Theatre.

45. *lullaby to:* nurse.

53. *as black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:* Vulcan was the blacksmith of the gods.

54. *bawbling:* light. So, l. 55, *unprizable*, of slight value.

56. *scathful:* harmful.

57. *bottom:* vessel.

58. *the tongue of loss:* i.e., the tongues of the losers.

61. *Phœnix:* the name of a ship; and so, l. 62, *Tiger*. *fraught*, freight. *Candy*, Candia or Crete.

64. *desperate of shame and state:* regardless of all sense of shame and of his position.

65. *brabble:* public brawl.

66. *drew on my side:* drew his sword in my defence.

70–1. *their mercies, Whom:* i.e., the mercies of those whom. The antecedent is implied in *their*. *Dear* has an intensive meaning.

75. *base:* basis.

77–92. *That most ungrateful boy*, etc.: The pathos of Antonio's feelings, wounded by a mistake in identity, recalls the anguish of Ægeon in the *Comedy of Errors*, when he thinks his son has cast him off, V, i, 295–322, "Why look you strange on me," etc.

82. *his in dedication:* i.e., dedicated to him.

83. *pure:* purely, solely; the adjective for the adverb.

84. *adverse:* hostile.

88. *Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance:* Made him pretend not to know me.

91. *recommended:* entrusted.

99. *three months:* This period is named for dramatic emphasis, and dramatically so much has happened that we think of many days, if not weeks, as having passed. Actually, in I, iv, Viola has been with the Duke only *three days*, and one event has succeeded rapidly upon another within a few hours of each other. The truth is, the Malvolio episode gives the impression of immediate action; the love fortunes of the Duke could be lengthened out into days, as regards the dramatic impression left; and Sebastian's fortunes, being kept in the background, give the impression of even a longer period. This seeming conflict between actual and dramatic time may be found in many of Shakspere's plays, and is inherent in the dramatization. The feeling of logical sequence and probability of the action, and the time naturally demanded for these, gives rise to the impression or illusion that a longer time has been taken than a rigid analysis of the events will show. For on the stage, events, if they happen at all, must happen quickly. *tended*, attended.

101. *but that he may not have:* except my love, which he cannot get.

109. *fat and fulsome:* distasteful.

113. *ingrate:* ungrateful.

118–9. *like the Egyptian thief*, etc.: This is generally supposed to refer to the story of Theogenes and Chariclea, who were captured

by the Egyptian robber, Thyamis. Thyamis, falling in love with Chariclea and deeming he is about to be slain, seeks to kill her. As the story was originally told by Heliodorus, the ancient Greek romancer, and outlined in Dunlop's *History of Prose Fiction*, vol. I, chapter i, Chariclea escapes with Theogenes, and after innumerable other inconceivable adventures, they are permitted by Fate to be married and live happy ever afterwards.

121. *to non-regardance cast my faith:* have no regard for my constancy.

125. *minion:* lover. French, *mignon*. The word ultimately becomes degraded.

126. *I tender dearly:* I hold or prize dearly. Cf. ll. 129, 130.

132. *apt:* ready.

133. *To do you rest:* To give you peace and happiness.

147. *strangle thy propriety:* deny thy identity or right position.

149, 150. *Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art As great as that thou fear'st:* Be as my husband should be, which thou art, and thereby thou shalt be as great as the Duke himself.

157. *joinder:* joining.

161. *function:* official capacity.

165. *a grizzle:* i.e., gray hairs. *case*, skin.

171. *little:* i.e., some little.

176. *coxcomb:* i.e., head. It became applied to the fool's cap and so to the "fool" himself.

182. *incardinate:* incarnate. It is Sir Andrew talking with his accustomed infelicity.

184. *'Od's lifelings:* One of Sir Andrew's oaths. A diminutive of "God's life."

193. *halting:* limping.

195. *othergates:* otherwise. Literally, other ways.

197. *has:* i.e., he has. The subject is not infrequently omitted before "has." It seems a sort of contraction.

201. *set:* closed by being drunk.

202–3. *a passy measures pavin:* Toby is entirely too drunk to articulate clearly, but perhaps his almost inarticulate words, which in themselves utter nonsense, may have reference to the Italian *passamezzo pavin*, a slow dance. We use the expression "a slow coach" for a good-for-nothing.

214. *strange regard:* distant look.

219. *A natural perspective, that is and is not:* i. e., an optical illusion, nature having made two look alike (i.e., like one).

223. *Fear'st :* i.e., doubtest.

229, 230. *that deity in my nature Of here and every where :* that supernatural gift of being in two places at once.

233. *What countryman :* i.e., of what country?

236. *suited :* dressed. So, l. 237, *suit*, dress.

239. *dimension :* bodily form.

240. *participate :* share.

241. *the rest goes even :* the rest agrees.

248. *record :* The metre demands the accent on the final syllable, re-cord.'

251. *lets :* prevents.

254. *jump :* agree.

257. *weeds :* garments. Cf. "widows' weeds."

261. *mistook :* mistaken. The preterite form is used for the past participle, as not infrequently.

262. *to her bias drew :* The *bias* in bowling is the weight inserted in one side of a bowl, causing it to curve in its course.

267. *the glass seems true :* the glass seems to reveal the truth. This may refer to the "perspective" of l. 219, but the figure may also be taken from the reflections, in a glass or mirror, of the actual doings outside. Many houses in Europe are provided with small glasses attached to the upstairs windows, to permit the occupants to see what is going on in the street below.

273. *orbed continent :* sun, in simple language; but Viola's exaltation is excusable.

277. *upon some action :* in consequence of an action at law. This would imply days, and even weeks, had passed.

278. *durance :* prison. *suit*, prosecution. There has been no hint of this before; it is a convenient way of accounting for the captain's absence meanwhile, and Malvolio is made a general scapegoat.

280. *enlarge :* set at liberty.

282. *distract :* distracted. A contracted form.

283. *extracting :* absorbing.

285. *sirrah :* is peremptory in tone and is used in addressing inferiors.

286. *Belzebub :* the Devil. The figure means that he is fighting the Devil; hence he is doing "as well as a man in his case can do."

288. *writ :* The shortened participle form again. So l. 366.

290. *it skills not .* it matters not.

294. *delivers :* reads the message of. A quibble on the use of "delivered," handed over, in l. 291. Cf. l. 319, *delivered*, set free.

299. *Vox:* proper intonation of voice. The clown pedantically uses the Latin word.

302. *perpend:* pay attention.

310. *semblance:* appearance, garb, make-up.

322. *the alliance on't:* i.e., the double marriage.

323. *proper:* own.

324. *apt:* ready. Cf. above, l. 132.

325. *quits:* releases.

336. *write from it:* i.e., write differently from it, unlike it.

347. *geck:* dupe. The word is explained by *gull.*

354. *such . . . which:* We use, "such . . . as."

356. *This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:* This trick has been most mischievously played upon thee.

365. *Upon:* by reason of.

367. *importance:* importunity, importunate request.

368. *married her:* This demands time dramatically, and the actual time is again displaced — but no matter. Cf. above, l. 99.

373. *poor fool:* used not in contempt, but in a tone of pity.

376. *interlude:* side-play, comedy.

381. *whirligig:* toy wheel. The comparison is with Fortune's wheel, now up, now down. *his*, its — *his* being the regular genitive neuter form in the early periods of the language.

383. *most notoriously abused:* villainously treated. The expression was used before by Malvolio. Cf. IV, ii, 92–3.

386. *convents:* convenes, summons — the usual meaning; or it may be interpreted, "suits, is convenient."

392. *fancy's:* love's. Cf. I, i, 14.

393. The song of the clown need not be Shakspere's, for it is appended to the play, and may have been added later merely to have another song from the clown; but there is no other good reason for rejecting it, and so we may assign it to him. The refrain is old, and it is mentioned in *King Lear*, III, ii, 75. *and* in the first line is a mere expletive — to fill out the line.

407. *toss-pots:* i.e., drunkards.

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